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STICKS & STONES

DRUMMER DADDIES

CHRISTMAS IN THE DUNGEON RUN NO MORE

INITIATION

More pages, more fiction, more original artwork than any other Gay publication

ISSUE 42 DECEMBER 1980





opening early december 9 Lansdowne street, Boston

DRUMATH

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

VOLUMES 4:

The setting: Houston, the fastgrowing leather capitol of the South. The place: A Different Drum, definitely a different kind of watering hole. The occasional Drummer comes to Texas in the first of a guaranteed long line of repeat wish. The outcome: Southern macho meets hard corp attitude. Get ready for freworks!

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REMATCH!
The Great Wrestling Match
continues, only the stakes get
a bit higher, and the sweat
really starts to pour in Hank
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he had been beaten by the
home town champion.

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105 DRUMMER CLUB NEWS So much is going on that the

Club now needs its own organ, newsletter that is . . . 110 IN PASSING

Maybe the ultimate Christmas gift.

COVER: Rene, who stands out in any crowd. Photo by Jim Moss.

DECONONORE

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF POPULAR GAY CULTURE

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GETTING OFF

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

No, this isn't going to be about the expected horrors from the new administration and the new right-wing moral sweep of the Senate and Congress. That builshit and those bullshiters will be filling your newspapers, televisions and radios with their self-righteous propoganda for at least the next four years.

Instead, we'd like to take a moment to talk about what we have been doing in the past year and to preview what we are planning for the year to come.

Dealing with the rising cost of paper and printing hasn't been a treat. Still, we have managed to keep the price down and don't expect the cover price to rise during the next year. The post office is currently doing everything in its power to either raise postal rates for publications, or if failing that — make the process of sending publications through the mail quickly and reasonably an impossible task. And we are doing everything following the process of the proce

In the mast year we have published three city guides on each for San Francisco. Los Angeles, and Chicago. We were struck by the bossibility of provided the proposed of the pr

DUMMER subscribers will shortly be receiving a questionnaire concerning some other potential changes for the magazine. If you are a subscriber, please be sure and return the questionnaire. If you are not a subscriber, and still want to have a voice in the directions DRUMMER takes in 1981, then now is definitely the time to subscribe.

Finally, we have reached a temporary impass with our line of trade apperback novels. Two separate printers have refused to print MR, BENSON, the first in our projected book serfit, between the projected book serfit, between the projected book serfit between the projected book s

Our 1980 annual DRUMMER MAR-CHES ON! also fell victim to printing problems, currently remedied. The oversized edition of DRUMMER MARCHES ON! is our biggest undertaking to date, and one that we think will turn you on like never before.

This year has seen incredible growth for DRUMMER and its many varied projects, and many more are planned for the immediate future.

MALECALL

DE FACTO

Re: "Homosexual means simply man sex.", DRUMMER No. 40, Getting Off, "Don't Call it Gay." It don't not, either.

The Dictionary Dyke San Francisco, CA

(Editor's Note: It depends on your source, the Latin or the Greek. And it can if you want it to regardless.)

MORE, MORE, MORE

I like your magazine. It's hot. Really hot, hot pics, hot stories, hot personals. Why not make it hotter? a few suggestions:

Tits. Show more tits. With nipples. Big, red, swollen nipples, being pulled, twisted, tugged, clamped sucked, bitten, pierced. As I write this, I look down at my nipples, red and swolen, ready to be pulled, pinched, twisted, tugged, clamped, sucked, bitten, pierced.

by the street of the street of

Shaving. Show more shaving. Shaved cocks, shaved balls, shaved asses, shaved tits. Photos of the shaving: before, dur-

ing, after.

The ultimate photo fantasy: hot, hunky shaved studs with huge pierced tits pissing on each other and drinking piss, lots of it. Do you dare?

Mike New York, NY

REAL PIERCING

DRUMMER has shown me (Issue 39, page 4) what the visually stunning male is all about and (Gauntlet, page 60) the most visually stunning scene-photos I've ever seen! Those Gauntlet photos are the most power-filled. What can I do in an effort towards having you publish more of the same (the most real photos I've ever seen)?

Readers of DRUMMER, take note: If you want to see more such photos, take the time and make the effort to send a letter to DRUMMER. Make your desires known!

Chicago, IL

(Editor's Note: You'll find not only more piercing photos from Gauntlet in this leading to the piercing photos from Gauntlet in this Master Piercer himself, Jim Ward. And we agree, hearing from readers what they like and/or don't like is the best way to determine what we cover in future issues!

TORTURE COLOR

I have been a DRUMMER subscriber since the first issue and want to congratulate you on the fine job you have been doing. DRUMMER is getting better all the time.

The letter from John in BALTIMORE.

MD, which appeared under the heading SORE BALLS in the Malecall section on page 7 of issue no. 39, was hot.

and-Ball Torture (or GeniTorture) scene for many years. Like John I used to believe that it was far out and shared by few. Over the past 5 years I have realized that there are many others, straight, bi or gay.

Thave met most GT addicts by acci-

I have met most G1 addicts by accident or through personal referral. Occasionally, contacts resulted from specific ic ads.

Perhaps it would help if men specifically or even exclusively interested in GT adopted a kerchief of distinctive color(s). Any suggestions? Black, grey, or purple are simply not direct enough.

Boston, MA

ENOUGH TEASING

Enough teasing with the shaving letters and articles. Let's see someone get it all the way with a photo series showing the barbee getting a complete body shave and head shave through the stages of no side-burns, white-walls, Mohawk, scalp lock to skin. Your previous shaving photo article left the job uncompleted And never any articles on filth! (Well you did have an oil wrestling episode of Drum.) Kinky it is, but what a pleasurable sensation to the body. Wrestling in mud, oil, axle grease, etc. is the greatest. A recent movie showed a popular actor in a car garage hiding from his captor in a barrel of oil and then emerging completely covered (head to foot) with nice, dripping, slippery, shiny black oil! What a photo session that would

make! Need any volunteers? Hoorah for fantasy trips in photos! C.M

Los Angeles LIKED HIM, HATED HIM

First, let me say that Drummer is my favorite magazine, or I wouldn't be writ-

ing this letter.

What the hell happened to your
"Tough Customers" section in Issue
No. 40? It's my favorite section; I've met
and corresponded with lots of super

and corresponded with lots of super stude through it. Please don't discontinue it as it gives your readers a chance to participate in your magazine. I'm afraid the artsy-craftsy photos in Issuet No. 40 aren't the same as the sweet polaroids published in "Tough Customers."

And how can you dismiss Wallace Hamilton as a mere chicken queen having a silly fantasy in your review of Kevin in "Drummer's Books"? I'll have to admit that Kevin isn't the best book ever written, but it does have some redeeming points like the believable portrayal of a fifteen year old boy's coming to terms with his homosexuality and his final acceptance of it in spite of everything and everyone around him. This author graduated from Harvard with honors in medieval history, and if you want to read a really intelligent book review, catch his review of three new books dealing with medieval concepts of homosexuality in the September 1980 issue of Christopher Street. How about giving our gay brothers a little encouragement in their writings instead of dismissing them without consideration?

But the final outrage in Issue No. 40 was Larry Townsend's addice to Phil, a young man who enjoys wearing leather but who isn't into S&M yet, to get his ass out of "our bars" until he's ready to use them appropriately. That's "singlet' bars," not what we're supposed to say to one another about our bars. Maybe Phil just needs a little encouragement to get into the leather scene, but he'll never set.

it from Larry Townsend.

The W/S picture on page 61 of Issue
No. 40 was the second best you've ever
printed. How about more of the same, or
a whole issue dedicated to W/S?

A Loyal Reader Denver, CO

MIXED APPLAUSE

I read your magazine from time to time, although unfortunately not on a steady basis. It sometimes gets hard to find in non-urbanized areas, but that's

I'm not gonna tell you it's the greatest magazine in the world — it has its good points, but does border on being tedious at times. However, it is certainly a leader when compared to other magazines of

at times. However, it is certainly a leader when compared to other magazines of its genre.

I enjoyed your issue highlighting the bars, etc., of Los Angeles. Have you done one, or is one in the making, on New

York? And the Hunter story by Felice Picano was well written, very effective. Keep up the good work.

Schnider Starrs, CT

(Editor's Note: Watch for Drummer's look at the big apple in early 1981. From all indications, it promises to be the biggest, raunchiest guide ever undertaken

HOM? NOT HET!

In response to your editorial in DRUMMER, Issue 40, let me agree that gay is a poor term. It smacks of frivolity and a lack of care and responsibility, and a lack of care and responsibility, and a lack of the small s

mainstream. Faggot has no meaning at all. It brings in the derogatory, so would

pouf.

Homosexuality is a clinical term for a condition thought to need a special name. Homo is just as bad. May I suggest hom? That brings it within most western languages. And think of the broadness of

Hearth and hom. Coming hom.

Hom is where the heart is. Are you hom?

Will you be hom? (This to include those who think they are not if they only use others to get off, or

are secluded with other homs.)
A man's castle is his hom.
Ladies hom Journal. (Surely that is better than referring to all women

better than referring to all women homs as dykes, which they aren't.)

House and hom. Hom by eleven. I'm always hom.

The applications could go on. But better to be hom than as Bryant and Briggs all het up. Straight, by the way, suggests that others are not straight, and many homs are straight.

Michigan

(Editor's Note: Good idea, but no cigar. Hom sounds silly, and since it is derived from homosexual, it's just another way of using the same word. What we're looking for here is a new word.

The historian John Boswell, writing in his myth-shatering new book, Christianity, Social Tolerance, and Homosexuality; Gay People in Western Europe from the Beginning of the Christian Ear unweithed evidence that what wa are calling 'agu' actually came from a French word, agu', that was used as an adjective and a noun. Homosexual is incorrectly used as a noun. Boswell's conclusion is that the contemporary word agy is exhibited the contemporary word agy is a whole effect this has on Webster, et al.)

HAIR TODAY, HAIR TOMORROW

I'd like to respond to a few remarks made by "Master-Shaver Ross" in his letter in issue 40 of DRUMMER about shaving and "who needs body hair, anyway?"

Yeah, I know that lots of leather guys are into shaving and the "smooth look," and I must confess that a strongly shaped bald head can be hotter 'n hell — but

enough is enough!

Whatever happened to the days when a man was proud of the fur on his body because it said "ALL MAN" to howord? As for me, the thicker, the darker, when the house of the house

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AND DESCRIPTION

S/M IN THE NEW WEST



HOUSTON

BY JOHN PRESTON

One by one they walk up to the newcomer and smile, "How d'ya like Houston?" It's a refrain that's repeated endlessly to anyone who's known to be visiting the sprawling, oil-rich mecca of the Southwest

Southwest.

On the missage of the mi

pronounced, hard and heavy: "Get hot or get out!"

The Southern component of House ton's gay life showed itself proud when word came out that Drummer was coming to lown. The men of the city pulled together the single test step to the coasts. They had all the sleers, all the sex, all the men that any one could hope to come up with, but they added a touch of Southern showmanship to the event media display, not just a suck and fuck

I had been to Houston before and expected much of the enthusiasm that the Texans were going to throw into the weekend. No one, no one, loves attention more than a Texas man. Tell them a

writer and a photographer are coming to town and they go wild. Enthusiasm I ex-

pected, but were they going to be that hot? It had been years since my last visit, I remembered good cruising bars, I remembered lots of vanilla sex — lots of it. But what about the new sex? That post-Stonewall brand of sex that's being celebrated in New York, San Francisco and Chicago? Were they there? There were no doubts about my host.

Big Mac is a legend. The sweetest-talking Southern man to walk down the pile in a long, long time. He could talk the skin of fa peach if he had to, He and I had, uh, "shared a few experiences" so to speak; I had seen what could happen when the sweet-talking man ripped that belf out of its loops and started singing songs of the wild, wild west, If I had a fear it was that

DRUMMER 8





he and I couldn't find the necessary instruments to allow our belts to sing their intricate duets with one another as they

introduce uses well one of the subprocessing the subyou always have to understand that Houston is one of the fastest growing cities in the country. No one, almost no one, is a native. The people just pour into one, is a native. The people just pour into excitement of the boom-town atmosphere, anaious for the jobs that are conplere, anaious for the jobs that are contrusually coming open in the bursting oil they're rappet they arrive, though they're rappet they arrive, though they're rappet they are the people of the they are they are the people of the subserved and dress of his adopted the the speech and dress of his adopted the they recommend.



syndrome. There he was greeting me at the futuristic Houston airport, complete with cowboy boots and a western shirt.

Big Mac a cowboy?

Well, there have been stranger sights. As we drove into town I shared some of my reservations with him, could Houston come up with a party that would do Dummer reades; justice! Well, cowher would not be the straight of the

day. I arrived way early. Time for state, and his buddles to show me around. The first stop was the Brazos River Bottom, probably the premiere cowhoy be air in the country. And, that does not mean they houston the cowhoys are as real as they're ever going to get. You can smell it when you walk in the doors of the place, the clothes are authentic, and so are a they reverse the country and western music with the country and the place, the word of the country and western music with the country and western music like to carry, it's down home and trust.

There's obviously plenty of action at the BRB, as the locals call it, but the hosts weren't about to let me linger too long at the first stop. A shot of Tequila and a few minutes' driving and we were in the Saddle Club. Houston's other main

cowboy bar.



DRUMMER 10

Now, you may never know how much I hate disco. I understand that there are some leather men out there who like to go shake their asses off in places like New York's Flamingo or DC's Eagle-In-Exile.
And in those kind of sleezy, manly, raunchy places it might be OK. But basically disco in particular and dancing in general is a symbol of everything I hate in gay life. That is, until I got to the Saddle Club. Houstonians have this thing called the "Texas Two-Step." If you haven't seen it, I can't describe it. It appears to be a throw back to folk dancing that might have taken place in Colonial times. It is the damnest thing I ever saw. But those boys just loved it They'd get out on the big dance floor of the Saddle Club and hoot and holler and have a good time! I felt like I was thrown back to the real wild west days. I could just picture the same men doing the same dances around a campfire, drinking their moonshine and getting off on the manly

companionship of the range...
Before I got too far into that fantaxy,
the boys were pulling at my sleeve and
Mary's Mary's long one of the classic leather
bars in the country. It's been there on
Westheimer, the great zay way of Houswho longs for a stud in a leather lacket
has it written down in his little boak it
has it written down in his little bobber
sand some friendly discussion. Now,
I bet all of you out there wonder just
with does go no when a group of tops
what does go no when a group of tops
what does go no when a group of tops
what does go no when a group of tops









worst fear is that the whole crew is a bunch of hair dresses chatting about today's gossip. Your best thope? Well, Mac and his side-licks and I spent a good hour talking about the fine points and the second of th

So "Lord Mac" decided that it was time for us all to go on to the last stop. The Different Drum, right down the way on Westheimer. It's the newest leather bar in town, and the one that would be holding the Drummer party.

Now, we New Yorkers are always being ridiculed for our "attitude" but you have to admit that when your choice of a watering hole is between the Mine Shaft and the Spike a guy's got a right to have some attitude. And, who expected to find the Different Drum in Houston, Texas?

It's dark, real dark at first. The music's heavy. The men are leather and the keys aren't for play. There's not a handker-chief or a plerced tit or a pair of dangling handcuffs in the place that the owner's not willing to prove is for real. You know that when you walk inside. You just know that you haven't walked into a tourist attraction, you've walked into a pit where the men are playing for keeps.

We wandered around, conversation was much more subdued now. The sexual tension's sweat producing. Lord Mac turned to me, "I think you'all'll enjoy the little party we have planned for you tomorrow night."

Yeah, "Lord," I just bet I will.

* * *

The place was packed, absolutely packed to the top of the ceiling. You couldn't move through the soll of wall of back leather. The lights were low, even mottos like the ones I mentioned earlier, it also has a civic anthem, the entire score of The Best Little Whorehouse in the soll of the solling the solling the solling that the Lorumer party's going to begin with musical entertainment. But it seems that the boxy just can't get going without a playing of the anthem. It's the Southern state the solling that the solling without a playing of the anthem. It's the Southern enjoy. And they were good, three platforms, each with a singer (no flesyne, each with a singer (no flesyne, ach with a singer (no flesyne,

work, they put everyone in the mood.
And it's over. The lights go down to
blackness. There's movement, but what's
going on? No one knows. Suddenly a
deep, animal, primitive beat comes over
the system. Boom, boom, boom, BAAM!

A sharp spot light suddenly illuminates a new stage. A naked man is trussed in a sling, a Master, a Lord, stands leatherclad beside him.

The music again, Boom, boom, boom, BAAM! Another pair, another platform, a hooded figure beside them looking like something out of the Inquisition, One has his wrists attached to a yoke suspended from the ceiling. The other is standing arms across his chest, only a body harness and a leather pouch around his groin highlight his masculine naked-

Boom, boom, boom, BAAM! A hu-man cry . . . real fear . . . reflections of light from the spotlight are caught on a metal cage as it's passed through the crowd, its inhabitant yelling with honest terror as he's delivered in his package to the third stage, and released, into the heavy arms of Lord Mac.

Drummer night's begun in earnest. "Posing" and "planning" aren't things that usually come to mind when you think of a Drummer party. But they sure

The Afro-Cuban chant kept going, you could feel the Houston men nick it's primeval tones with their bodies. You could see, smell, touch the sweat on their skin as the three ringed circus of hell came to life before their very eyes.

The first stage: The Master, Lord, reaches over, pulsing his body to the beat of the music. A gasp went up from the crowd when the glint of metal caught the spotlight and his hand swiftly expertly thrust the sharp needle into the tit of his willing (?) victim. Again, and then there were two pins stuck in the chest flesh of the suspended body. Candles were lifted over the figure and hot wax dripped slowly down over the split torso. The Lord's pleased. He stands up straight beside his sobbing victim and stares into a crowd that's so in awe they can't even applaud.

The lights shift to the second stage. The leather jocked man begins his performance, the second act, Shaving cream is spread over the trussed slave, A straight edge razor comes out. The body is shorn of any semblence of masculine hair in a slow, tantalizing, series of scrappings. When the razor slips (did it?) the Lord doesn't mind, he licks off the offending drops of blood.

And then Lord Mac and his boy, who's now securely fastened to a cross bar ar-rangement, his back to the audience and to Lord Mack's whip. The music beats on, and the whip begins to play its own song as welt after welt appears on the helpless object's back and ass.

Later - much later - Lord Mac and I are standing in the back yard of the Different Drum, a place for outdoors

drinking and . .

"Well, JP, seems to me we pulled off something your readers might want to know about," At his feet a boy is licking the black leather boots, Lord Mac takes a hit off his cigar and exhales the heavy smoke. "Seems to me, you might even find some of those hot men of yours up in New York and tell'em where they might learn a thing or two.'

Texans have never been known for their humility, Houston gives them few reasons to learn that lesson in life.

- John Preston







That Saturday morning, after Buck had Just his ass to me and 1 had accepted and used the victor's spoils, both of to were tired and proudly sore. After I had fucked this farmboy's tighthruscled ass and then allowed him to be bad for his own hard cock in the corner of the ring, I had uncuffed him and we lay in the middle of the ring. We awoke Saturday morning with our brussed and aching bodies clutched close together, each of us gently clenched in the other's sleeping bearing.

each of is gettly cleaned in the other's steeping hearbug.

The property of th

Buck stirred under me, cocked his head around, and said, "The deal was for one scene, fucker — get offa me."

"Oh, I'm not doing it this time because I whipped your ass last night." I ran my hands along Buck's biceps, massaging the strong but tired muscles. "I want this one just for the fun of it."

"The 'fun' of it, huh?" Buck tightened his arms, as if preparing to bolt and topple me. "Well, I'd like some 'fun' of my own — my ass for yours, buddy!"

"Sure," I lied. Buck relaxed then and settled under me, as saw a faint smile on Buck's face as he felt the spit in my had on his manhole, Yeah, I thought, this is gonna be fun, stud. I lowered myself onto Buck's back, slowly pushing my cock into his warm asshole. I felt Buck's back muscles tighten against my chest and his ass tighten around my cock as

steadily shoved seven stiff inches into this farmboy's packed ass. My body tightened and hardened, too, to fight any resistance Buck might give me. When my cock was completely buried in his hole, I wrapped my arms around Buck, pinning his arms against his side. As I squeezed my arms tighter around Buck, I rocked my dick deeper into his struggling asshole. He tried bucking under me, tried raising to his knees, but I kept him pinned to the ring mat, his face and shoulders pressed into the mat with my full bodyweight holding him down, my arms clamping his helpless against him, my thick cock drilling his aching ass. To relax him, I began to lick his neck and shoulders, my beard scratching through the coarse blond hair on his shoulders and the back of his neck, my tongue lapping up the sweat that had dried on us from the last night's brawl Buck's body relaxed, yielded, as if he were submitting again to the better man.

My stiff cock inside Buck's as finally felt his muscle relax and accept it deep into his shithole. As he relaxed, leased my grip around his arms and pulled and scratched frough the thick hat or his chest, looking for his nights. I have a support of the property of the p

pletely and yielded to my strength, to my invading prick.

My hands roughly massaged Buck's strong chest, grabbing
onto the thick hair that covered his hard muscles, tugging the
chest hair, pulling him in tighter against me as I rocked my
ock back and forth in his ass, With one hand I reached under
Buck's crotch from behind and pulled his cock and balls under
him toward his asshole, causing him to raise his hips to meet

mine. I again clamped my arms around his body, grabbed onto his chest hair with both fists, and pumped my dick harder and harder into Buck's upraised ass. I stiffened my legs and shifted my weight to my toes so that with every thrust of my hips I landed full-weight onto Buck's strong backside, driving my cock deeper into the stud's straining asshole. The cum was ready to explode in my balls every time they slapped

As I felt myself about to cum, I hooked my feet on the bottom rope of the ring, increasing the leverage and power driving my bursting cock into this hairy stud's vice-like ass. I tightened my clamp around Buck and roared into his ear as I started to shoot a thick heavy load into his gut. "Oh, F-U-C-K!!!" I yelled, feeling my balls empty their hot load through my jerking dick. The tightness of Buck's ass resisted my cock but couldn't stop the manjuice I pumped into him. When the hot spurts of cum had stopped, I lowered my feet from the rope and lay on Buck's back, my dick still filling his

ass.
"Shit, that ass is tight," I mumbled at Buck. I freed his arms from his side; he stretched them over his head, and I laid mine on top of his. The sweat between my chest and his back, between my crotch and his ass was hot and full of smells from last night's fight scene as well as this morning's fuck. Buck's powerfully muscled body under mine provided sturdy, warm cushioning for my own tired muscles. He felt as good then as any man I've ever felt under me. I lapped my tongue across his sweaty neck and said, "I'm sure I'll be teaching that ass a few more tricks before I send it whimpering back

to Georgia. to Georgia.

Buck's body tensed under me. "Okay, dude," he began in that slow but determined draw, "you've had your fun. My turn. Now get that thing outta my ass." With that he rolled me off him, pulling my cock out of his ass as I fell off his back. Buck raised up on one elbow, stroked his huge cock with the other hand. "Get that ass ready for a man's cock,

boy!" he said, pulling harder on his bulging, veiny dick.

I raised to my knees and faced Buck. "You show me another man in here besides me and I'll gladly take his cock boy!" I stood and walked to the corner of the ring. Buck

"Listen, fucker," he began, "a deal's a deal — my ass for

yours! "I never said I don't cheat, sucker." I climbed through the ropes and walked to the door to the playroom. "No man gets my ass 'just for the fun of it." He has to fight for it!" I slammed the door, leaving Buck standing in the middle of the ring with his cock bobbing in the air

I walked to the bathroom and stepped into the shower. As soon as I felt the first warm trickles of water rolling down my sweaty back, Buck ripped open the shower curtain and turned off the water. He glared at me like a wounded animal. "You yellow bastard!" he spat, "That was a dirty cocksuckin" trick you pulled in there, and you're gonna pay for it - with your ass!'

"Just like last night, right?" I reached for the shower faucet but Buck's hand clamped down on my wrist like an eagle's

claw digging into its victim.

"No, not like last night!" Buck's eyes showed more hatred than hurt at my sarcastic reminder. " 'Cause last night I wasn't mad. Now I really want to hurt and humiliate you. That worthless ass of yours just became my property, cocksucker!" I jerked my hand from his grasp. I returned Buck's glare. "If you're so fuckin' sure you're man enough to take my ass especially after last night - why don't you put more on the line than just one night's use of your ass - I've had that

already!" "Put up what? Money?"

"Fuck no - it doesn't hurt to lose money." By now we were shouting at each other, spitting out words like venom. I stepped out of the shower and past Buck, and led him back to the playroom. From a hook on one of the ring braces, I took a chain slave's collar and tossed it onto the mat in mid-ring, "I say we bet more than just one bottom scene - how about a lifetime bottom scene? The winner collars the loser - for good!" I leaned against the top rope in readiness, defying the strong blond fucker to accept my stakes: the loser becomes the winner's slave, I knew wrestling Buck under those terms was risky - he was strong, one hell of a grappler, and literally turning white with anger. I knew that Buck was not

going to go down easy in a fight for permanent possession, but I knew I wanted him and was eager to battle to claim him. I'd never met a better fighter or a tighter ass - I wanted him, wanted him to be there to fight and fuck at my will, and I would have him no matter what it took.

"You mean, this match is for keeps? The loser belongs to the winner?" Buck put his hands on his sturdy hips and

studied me. "That's what a collar's for shitface!"

session of his.

Buck laid one arm on the top rope and walked closer to me, his anger tensing the muscles in his strong hairy body, his cock still full-mast hard, "Well, I ain't so sure your ass is worth fightin' for," he said with a mocking sneer, "but it sure as hell

will be fun to keep it around to abuse whenever I want to! I laid my hand, slowly, on Buck's shoulder and offered my
other hand to him. "Well, boy, if you think you can take more of what I gave you last night and this morning, I'll gladly

give it to you! After I stomp your ass again, of course "Shee-it!" Buck drawled as he clasped my hand. We shook hands, each refusing to be intimidated by the other's wrench-

ing grip. Buck withdrew his hand and I walked back to the As I stood in the warm spray of water, lathered up and pumping my cock, imagining the action to come with Buck later, I was sure that he was in the ring pounding his own

aching dick, as eager for vengeance on my ass as I was for pos-

After my shower, I left Buck alone in the apartment, tell-ing him that I didn't want to see his face again till I saw it across the ring from me at midnight. I tossed him the spare key, "Just be in your corner and ready at midnight, boy!" remainder of the day I spent readying for that night's combat. A light workout at the gym to work some of Friday night's soreness out of my muscles; sauna and steamroom to relax and take time to plot; a long sleep. Around 10:00 I went out, knowing I would be out only until time to go home, strip, and climb through the ropes. A few beers, a lot of meandering around spent psyching myself up for the encounter with this powerfully built farmboy who wanted my ass every bit as much as I wanted his. Reminding myself of the stakes we'd agreed to, losing to mean slavery, served to feed my determination, I knew I wanted this Georgia stud around, wanted his hard hairy muscled body and that vice of an asshole around to be used as I willed. Knew too that it was not going to be easy to bring Buck to submit to slavery - no way in hell that fightin' stud was going to let any man chain him up without one hell of a brawl. Whatever fear I felt about the kind of attack Buck was capable of launching was outweighed by my determination to have him - to stomp the fuck out of that ass and make it mine. As midnight crept closer, I got more and more eager to battle Buck. By the time I arrived back at my apartment, I literally needed this fight.

I slammed the apartment door behind me and stomped to the playroom. The door was slightly ajar: I kicked it open and bolted into the dark arena. Another kick slammed the door So single-minded was I in my determined anticipation of victory, so absorbed, that it took a few seconds for my eyes to adjust to the glow of the bright red spotlight that burned down in the middle of the ring. As they did begin to focus, there materialized before me, bathed in the surreal red beam, the most impressive, most fearful image of Man that I have ever seen. I distinguished first the hands, covered in skin-tight fingerless black leather gloves, one hand open, the other fisted and pounding into the open palm with a healthy slapping noise. Then the forearms and biceps, full and hard, covered with thick curly blond hairs that seemed alive in the red glow. His trunk-like legs, spread and tensed, his hairy thighs flexed and rippling, his solid calves encased in high-top black leather wrestling boots. The hair-covered widespread shoulders that fluidly rippled and bulbed as he punched his left palm; the hard densely haired muscular chest, his rocky pecs and already stiffened nipples, the punch-proof gut muscles heaving slowly in anticipation. His 8-inch cock beginning to harden and point down his thigh from the studded cockring circling the hairy base of his dick. His head covered in a tight-fitting hood with enlarged holes for his eyes, nose, and mouth - a wrestler's mask of black leather. I stood for several seconds staring at the man forming before me, and my dick jutted its full length down the leg of my 501s. As soon as 1 fully perceived Buck standing there in the ring corner, poised and ready to tangle, glaring at me with a kind of stadistic determin-drawn that the standard state of the standard st

In the silence broken only by the sound of Buck's large fits slamming into his bather-covered palm, I began to rip off my clothes, throwing them noisily into the dark corner of the room. Naked except for the cocking around my balls and come the control of the cocking around my balls and laced up. I did this all in the periphery of the hot ring light, keeping a full view of Buck but knowing that he could

hear me better than see me.

My boots on now, I stood on the outside of the ring corner proposite Buck. I swung my right leg over the middle rope, ducked under the top rope, and rose up in the spot glow in front of my opponent. I stood still and tensed, my arms at my sides, fists clenched, Buck stopped the slow rhythmic standings of pull and slowly pull his hands on his hips, caudings of pull and slowly pull his hands on his hips, caudings of the pull and slowly pull his hands on his hips, determined, expectant glares seemed to last for hours. Slowly linked my left hand to my crotch, pulling on the hard length of my dick, and scratching casually through the rough black hair, on my chest. As I pulled on my cock, I broke the silence.

"Welcome home, slaveboy." For an instant Buck's eyes flinched into hateful narrow slits. He drew back his head and with great force spit a golfball-sized glob of saliva at me. I tensed and let the spit splash on my shoulder and trickle down into the hairs on my chest. Without moving my glare from his eyes, I raised my left hand, scooped the spit off my shoulder, and rubbed it over the head of my swollen cock.

"Boy, you better hope I whip your ass before this spit dries, 'cause I'd hate to rip your ass up with a dry cock!" I had never been so ready, so eager to hurt another man in my

"All right, fucker." Buck straightened to his full height.
"Cut the shit. We got us a fight here, and I think it's high time
we got started." He laid his huge arms on the top rope and
leaned back against the turnbuckle. "Now, the way I see it, the stakes here are pretty high, a lot more important than just a fast fuck. We're talking about the loser puttin' his whole fuckin' life at the disposal of the winner. Don't get me wrong I ain't complainin'." He spoke calmly, slowly, his Georgia drawl empty of any humor and riveting in its monotone, " fact, I know I can put your ass to work on the farm back home and make you the sorriest son-of-a-bitch that ever cheated me out of anything." His voice revealed no sign of bravura, just matter-of-fact determination, "I just thought since the stakes are so high, you might want to talk about the 'rules'. Well, don't! 'Cause I don't give a hog's ass what kinda rules you lay out, I ain't gonna hear 'em." He came a step closer, farther into the heat of the red spotlight. His masked figure glowed. "You got that, cocksucker?" His voice was more intense, close to a yell. "I don't care what it takes to stomp the fuckin' Jesus outta you. I'm gonna pull your bloody balls up through your ears if I have to! You are gonna be one ugly fuckin' mess when I'm done with you!" Buck was snarling. "So you pick any 'rules' you want, pussy — I don't know none of 'em!" By now Buck was panting in anger. The muscles of his hard hairy body looked ready to explode in the red ring light.

I stepped to the center of the ring and dug roots into the mat, my arms tensed at my sides. With complete calm, I stared into the eyes behind the leather mask and said, "You just kissed goodbye to your last day as a free man."

In an instant he was crouched before me, ready to fight. I stepped back with one foot and bent to meet him.

Buck pounced. Our arms entwined and our bodies crashed together chest-to-chest, crotch-to-crotch as each of us tried to seize early control of the other. The bearhug clamped us together, locked cock-to-cock, my beard and face buried in the muscles on the side of his neck, his leather-covered face pressed into my neck. We struggled in that position, grinding and fought for footing advantages, straining to topple the other stud, our cocks mashed together, for several seconds, I felt Buck's body backing up, yielding to my strength; felt myself backing him into the corner. As our momentum toward the corner started, Buck's muscles froze for an instant. We stopped in the center of the ring and I felt the top of Buck's thigh slamming up into my geon, I agsped and jerked from the blow the translated with the schooleder. The pain in my balls blurred my vision, but still I saw as well as felt the masked fucker battering me into the turnbuckle again and again with his battering me into the turnbuckle again and again with his

shoulder When I stood there wobbly from being battering-rammed into the corner, Buck straightened, moved in closer, and lifted my head with his hand on my throat. He shoved my head back over the top rope and snarled, "I warned you, cocksucker! From way behind him his arm swung around, his beefy fore-arm hammered solidly on the top of my exposed chest. As I rebounded off the rope, again his arm swung in from left field and smacked my chest and throat. But when I staggered back the second time, I wrapped my arms around the rope and prevented a rebound. Buck lunged, grasping the air and falling into the ropes as I rolled out of his path. Still too stunned to attack, I hung on the rope, crouched over to clear my head and catch my breath. Before I could stand upright, Buck stomped the sole of his boot into my side, knocking me into the ropes and down to the mat. I lay there on my side as Buck came crashing down onto me, his knee in my shoulder. He grabbed my hair and lifted me enough to clamp a headlock on me, trapping my head between his rock-hard forearm and bicep. We collided with a thud on the mat, my nose and mouth buried in his hairy armpit, his full weight crashing down across my battered chest.

Instinctively, I grabbed for Buck's hair — but connected with a leather hood too tight to clutch. My left arm was helpless under Buck's weight, and my right hand alone could be supported to the control of the control

My balls still throbbed and I hadn't yet fully regained my breath. As I kneeled on my hands and knees on the mat, trying to regroup, from nowhere Buck crashed down on me with his elbow on the back of my neck, pounding me into the mat, As he pounded my back with forearm smashes, he wrapped his other arm around my throat and then fell down on me, his weight trapping me under him, his hand deliberately choking me. I felt his leathered hand clutching my throat and his hard hairy chest pressing me into the ringfloor. I worked my way up to my knees, Buck still trapping my head with his forearm pressed tight against my windpipe. I leaned in and raised up enough to force Buck to expose his stomach and then plowed my fist into his gut directly above his groin. I heard Buck gasp as I felt his lock on my throat weaken for an instant. I threw another hard right, this one landing just inches from the base of his cock. I heard another gasp and felt Buck release me. I withdrew from him and saw the masked dude starting to double over. I lashed out with a solid forearm smash to the side of his masked head that toppled him to his side.

Still on my knees I stopped for a few seconds to try to catch my breath. I saw Buck beginning to rise of the mat to his knees, watched his powerful body coming back to life. Instantly I swamp my legs around him and locked my feet in a threath of the still be the still be still be still be a the walst scissors, I trapped one of them in an armbar and now held Buck almost immobile on the mat. He tried to wriggle and botl out of the scissors, but I kept him still with the arm arm. With his free hand, he trude tuelessly to my my boots the still be still be still be still be still be tightly wedged against his side; the harder I squeezed, the harder my cock pressed into Buck's hard-mycelde buck.

When I regained my wind and most of my strength, I felt a hell of a lot more anger than pain. I wanted to hurt this dirty cocksucker, hurt him bad. Since the armbar left his armpit and pec completely exposed, I attacked. I grabbed Buck's exposed hairy pec and dug my fingers in, clawing at his muscle as if I were going to rip it apart. Buck groaned and twisted as much as the waist scissors would permit him. squeezed harder, digging my thumb into Buck's armpit and raking at his pec with my fingers. His moaning became a loud cry and he began to thrash between my legs. In his thrashing, he managed to twist and move up in my scissors so that we were now clamped crotch-to-crotch, facing each other on our sides, my boot-heels digging into his ass, our cocks and balls grinding together in our hairy crotches. It was difficult to maintain the claw on his pec from that angle, and I felt my grip on his chest muscle weaken. Buck drew back to throw a right that landed stinging on my bicep. Again he drove his fist at me, this time into my hard chest. He threw a third punch, but I blocked it and trapped his arm at his side. As I tightened the pressure on the scissors around Buck's hips, I grabbed his head in my left arm and drove a hard right into the top of his forehead. The blow stunned him. We separated and rolled away from each other, rising slowly to our knees.

Although we are the same size, Buck looked massive as well in the center of the ring. The beads of sweat forming on his body glistened in the hot red spotlight glow and highlighted his powerfully developed muscles. The web blond hair on his chest and shoulders almost glowed. The hood he would not have the same should be suffered to the standard his seen even more meaning that and respect for this awsome Georgia farm hunk — this tight-assed raw fightin stud whose as I hunted to whip and own. As we faced each other, both of us regrouping the forces, Buck eyed me with that same mix of respect and that the same had to the same the sa

determined to stomp this fucker into slavery.

Buck stood also. We both stretched for a moment, clearing our heads and readying for another attack. Buck began racing along the ropes, a determined, watchful pace, like a jungle cat preparing to strike its prey. With a faked air of unconcern, Llet my arms hang at my sides and shifted my weight to move leg, dropping my defenses and defying Buck. So coulde of the property of the p

it's your last!"

"Aw, fuck you," Buck mumbled as he paced.

"Don't get your hopes up, slaveboy."

At that, Buck's muscles tensed and his pacing halted. Just as I uncrossed my arms, he bounded for me, grabbing my right arm and hurling me over his hip, I landed with a thud on my back under him. As I rolled away and rose upright, again he grabbed my arm and hip-rolled me to the ring mat. He tried a third time, but as he turned into me and began to roll me over his hip, I drove my knee into his ribcage. He dropped my arm and staggered sideways toward the ropes, catching onto the middle rope and hanging on. I approached his huddled body. As I reached out to grab him, his left arm flicked up and he slapped me sharply on the balls. As I clutched my balls and bent over, Buck threw a right hook into my stomach. I staggered back and Buck lunged at me. He scooped me up in his steely arms, turned me upside down, and body-slammed me flat-assed in the center of the ring. I felt like my spine had snapped. Before I could even think of rolling away, Buck dropped with all his weight knee-first across my chest, I was sure my ribs had broken. Buck latched onto my hair and lifted me to my feet, hoisting me upright, and then pummelled me across the chest with his hard forearm.

I fell back and crashed into the corner turnbuckle, jarring every bone in my already battered torso. I hung stunned on the corner ropes, Buck quickly bounded in, scooped me up, integrating the corner ropes, Buck quickly bounded in, scooped me up, integrating the control title a powerless ragiod las Buck cossily rolled me over onto my stomach, my arms limp at my sides. As if he were trying to break me in half, Buck crashed knee-first across the small of my back, I couldn't move, Buck through a control to the control title across the small of my back, I couldn't move, Buck through under my chin. As he leaned back and pulled, my head snap-

ped back — I thought it would come off! I grabbed Buck's wrists with each hand and pulled downward with all mu weight and all the strength I could muster. The pain in my neck was nearly paralyzing. I knew that I couldn't hold on much longer — that I was damned close to giving up.

That thought — of submitting to Buck and being his slave—flashed images into my head of laboring from dawn to dark dusk, of milking the cows' tits first thing in the morning, of servicing Buck and god knows who or what else — overwhelmed me. There was no sudden, superhuman burst of strength; just a renewed realization of the trouble I was in and a restrengthened determination never to let that happen.

I worked myself up onto my knees, Buck still straddling my back and wreching my head and neck back. The more I slowly rose up, the more Buck was standing rather than sitting on my back. At that point, I too stood up, slowly archives a standard to the standard than the standard that was no casy escape — as soon as I was fully upright, Buck reased his lock on my chin and instantly gabbed my hair and hurled me backwards into the corner, crashing back-first into the turnbuckle. The ring seemed to spin around me as Buck head a couple of times but still the ring swayed and rolled. When I looked again, there were six Buck's Folling toward me.

Holding onto the top ropes, I leapt into the air and kicked with both feet into the air at the hairy, glowing ingases rushing toward me. I felt my boots connect with something light was several seconds before my vision cleared and I saw Buck sprawled on the ringfloor, rolling in pain and attempting to get up. 1 shook my lead again and them more clearly was well up. 1 shook my lead again and them more clearly was still too weak and stunned to do anything except watch him as he reavided to the ropes, grabbed hold and hoisted himself to his feet, and then turned toward me, pain and the further shoulder poised to rain into my clear and up to the control of the c

mat, clutching his shoulder, writhing in pain.

I'd had enough. Goddammit, I thought, who the fuck does he think he is? You son-of-a-bitch! I walked to center-ring and savagely stomped Buck in his throbbing shoulder. He jerked in pain, and I again stomped the bottom of my leather boot into his shoulder. I reached down, grabbed his left arm and held it out away from his body pinned to the mat, my other hand balancing on his pec. I hurled my legs up into the air and crashed down onto Buck's arm, one knee in his shoulder, the other in his bicep. As Buck bolted in pain, I lifted his body so that he was sitting on the mat, his battered arm still trapped in my grasp. I swung around and clamped my legs around his masked head, trapping his face in my sweaty crotch, and locked my boots in a headscissors. I fell back, rolling Buck over onto his stomach and securing his head between my legs like a vice. Still grabbing his left arm, the one I had tortured, I snapped it around into a hammerlock, forcing Buck's hand well up between his shoulder blades. I felt Buck's hot, quick breath on my balls, felt the leather of his mask rubbing tightly against my hard cock, felt the studs on my cockring jabbing into Buck's cheek. My crotch muffled his moans, but I could feel his body shudder and stiffen each time I thrust his hand farther up his back wrenching his stinging shoulder muscles even more. Holding his arm in place with my right hand, and clamping down even tighter on his masked head, I pummelled Buck's reddened shoulder with my left fist. Each punch to his shoulder caused Buck to shudder and groan again. I could feel his mouth moving against my balls as if he were trying to say "Ready to give it up, fucker?" I yelled at Buck. Again I

"Ready to give it up, locker" | yelled at Biock, Again |
"Ready to give it up, locker" | yelled at Biock, Again |
give it up | yelled | yelled | yelled | yelled |
give it up | yelled | yelled | yelled | yelled | yelled |
extract a properly worded submission from him as long as his
mouth was buried in my haity crotoch! Goddammi!, I thought,
thighs and his arm clamped behind his back, I unclamped his
head and rolled him over noth his back, his weight trapping his
own arm in the hammerlock. Balancing my hands on his chest
shoulder. Buck was graaning loudly as I lifted thin by his

head into a sitting position. I plopped down behind him and wrapped my legs around his waist, locking my boots together, and again shoved his left arm up behind his back.

"If you're gonna give up, cocksucker," I panted, "It better be right!" I worked my arm around his head, catching his chin in the crook of my elbow, and bent his head back toward me. The look in Buck's eyes behind his mask betrayed all the pain that he was too proud to admit. I knew then that I had him, that all it took now was a respectful submission from

But Buck wasn't saying anything. "All right, goddammit, have it your way," I shouted at him. I clamped my legs tight enough around his waist that my knees nearly met each other, and I let go of the chin-lock only to drive my elbow into

and I let go or the children chart of the shoulder. He let out a loud cry.

"All right! All right! Yeah, I give!! give, man!"

"You never learn, do you, shit-head!" With that, I drew back to throw another elbow into Buck's shoulder. "No! No!" he cried out. "Not again! Please, sir! Please -

I submit, Sir! I submit!" It was over. This ball-bustin' fightin' stud had just loudly and clearly - and properly! - admitted defeat at my hands, And I've never been so fucking grateful for the ending of a

fight! I released my holds on Buck and collapsed back on the mat, Buck went limp and rolled from between my legs, lying on his stomach and panting into the mat. Both of our bodies heaved as we panted and tried to regroup our exhausted forces. My pride renewed my strength; I rolled onto my side and propped myself up on one elbow, looking down at the hooded figure sprawled beside me, his arms limp at his side, his back heaving in breathlessness and pain. I laid my hand on the back of Buck's neck. He shuddered, as if expecting the worse, but offered no resistance. I rubbed the sweat across his hairy shoulders, massaging gently the shoulder I had tortured earlier. Buck flinched when I touched his shoulder, but again could do nothing. My cock bobbed and jerked in pride and in anticipation of making this stud my slave. I determined to make it very clear to Buck that he now belonged to me and that I would use him any way I wanted,

I stood up and spread my feet around Buck's head. "Hey, I called down to him as I nudged his shoulder with my boot, "get up here! I ain't done with that ass yet!" Buck slowly, haltingly brought his arms up from his sides and rose to his hands and knees. I reached under his chin and snapped his head up, raising him upright on his knees. "I said get up, slaveboy!" I grabbed a handful of the coarse blond hair on Buck's chest and lifted him to his feet. I clapped my hand on the back of his neck and led him to the center of the ring.

"You move before I get back, boy, and your ass is dead!"
I walked to the bathroom and returned with a small travel kit. From the ring brace I took down the handcuffs and the slave's collar. I climbed back into the ring and dropped the cuffs, collar, and travel kit on the ringfloor. Buck stood straight with his back to me the whole time. I walked up behind Buck and roughly grabbed his ass cheeks in my hands. He flinched.

'Dammit! you better get used to me grabbing that ass, shitface!" I swung my arm back and slapped Buck's ass with the back of my hand, then went back to kneading his ass muscles. I walked around in front of Buck and stared at him. He made no move of defiance, but in his eyes there was still a trace of hatred and distrust - they were not the eyes of a slave. I wanted total submission from this cocksucker, and I

wanted it now!

Putting one hand under Buck's chin, with the other arm I reared back and smacked him solidly in the middle of his heaving chest. He fell back and hung on the ropes, I rushed him and drove my knee into his gut. When he doubled over, I shoved him face-first to the mat. I walked up behind him and planted my boot on the back of his neck, pinning his face planted my boot on the back of this freek, printing his lead onto the mat. "Damn you, you are my property now, and when I look in those eyes, I want to see a slave's respect! Do you hear me, you worthless hunk of shit?! I own you, and you'll do whatever the fuck I say!"! I lifted my foot from his neck and picked up the handcuffs I had dropped on the mat. "Get up on your knees, ass-wipe - now!"

Buck rose to his knees and I stepped in front of him, pushing my sweaty crotch into his masked face. I rubbed my hard aching dick against the leather hood over his head, pressing

his face into my crotch with my hand behind his head. "Lick your Master's cock, boy. Lick it!" Buck's tongue eased out of the hole in his mask and began lapping the sweat and pre-cum off my hard cock. Buck groaned as I lifted his throbbing left arm over his head, but he continued licking my cock and balls. I locked one of the cuffs around his left wrist, bent him over, and locked the other cuff to his right wrist, securing his hands behind his back. I lifted him back upright and again pushed my cock and hairy balls into his face and demanded that he lick them, "You get used to licking that cock, fucker, 'cause it's your Master's cock now." Buck continued reverently washing my cock and balls with his hot tongue

Again I stepped away from Buck and picked up the slave's Again stepped away from buck and proced up the Share collar. When I returned to him, he was erect with his head bowed, awaiting my return. In front of him now, I slapped Buck hard across his leather-covered cheek. "Suck that cock, boy." Buck opened his mouth and let my dick slide half its length into his mouth. I put my hands at the sides of his head and rocked my hips back and forth, pushing my cock farther into his mouth with every thrust. The sight of this muscular stud kneeling cuffed before me and swallowing my cock through his hooded face made my dick even harder. The red ring light burned down on Buck's sweat-covered hairy shoul-ders and on my spit-glistening cock as it rammed in and out of Buck's warm mouth. He had finally submitted to me and was hungrily devouring my dick, pulling and sucking it deep into his throat as I rocked in his face. Remembering the collar, I pulled my cock out of his mouth and ordered him to

I wrapped the collar around Buck's neck and squeezed the lock shut. The click of the lock reminded me that Buck was now my property, he was mine to do with anything I mother fuckin' pleased! This unused, hunky fightin' farm stud — every muscle, every hair, every cell, every movement - was mine to

"You know what that means, don't you, boy?"

"Yes, Sir . . . I'm yours, Sir." Buck said it with his head bent, but still I thought I sensed a small bit of pride in the admission

I lifted his chin and looked him in the eye - "You god-damn right, you're mine!" I reached behind him and unlaced the leather wrestler's mask. As I pulled the mask off him, Buck shook his head and then looked up at me. During the bout with him hooded, I had almost forgotten the rugged beauty of this bearded blond stud's face. Seeing it again made

me even more pleased with my prize.

From the travel kit I got a pair of barber's scissors and walked back to Buck. There was worry in Buck's look. " relax and lick that cock some more, boy." As Buck closed his eyes and buried his tongue in my crotch, licking the sweat and spit from my hairy groin and balls, I grabbed his hair and be-gan clipping off handfuls of his blond hair and dropping it outside the ring. I could tell from Buck's halting movements that he was stunned, possibly even angered. I backed away from him and said, "Don't ever question anything that I do to you or I will throw you out like any other worthless piece of furniture that breaks. You do exactly what you're told to do

Buck swallowed. "Yes, Sir. I will, Sir." I went back to Buck and thrust my cock in his face. He immediately resumed licking my balls and cock, and I went back to clipping off handfuls of his hair. After I had sheared his hair as close to his scalp as it was safe to do with his head bobbing in my crotch, I moved away from him again and walked to the bathroom. I brought back a wet towel and re-entered the ring. wrapped the towel around Buck's cropped head and got from the travel kit a can of shaving cream and a razor. When I pulled the wet towel off Buck's head, I stood there before him, shaking the can of shaving cream. He looked at me with great dread. I could see that a head-shaving was definitely called for.

The cream spread easily through Buck's bristly hair. I saw Buck struggling to keep something from bursting out of his throat, but he said nothing. I was proud of him, proud of his having humbled himself before me. Proud of having stomped his rugged ass into this submission to my will. I began shaving his head, carefully and slowly drawing the razor over his scalp steadying his head as still as possible. In slow, deliberate

IN SEARCH OF OLDER MEN



DRUMMER'S DADDIES

DRUMMER 20



Norman, above, has reached forty years, which could put him in the Daddy catagory. Norman is shown alone but is seldom found that way.

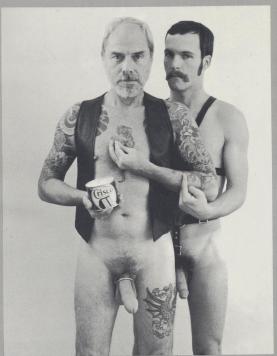


DRUMMER'S DADDIES



From Europe. Duddy Max, above, 55 years old, has seen it all and makes good use of his knowledge. Duddy's boy is 23.
Left, born of New Orleans aristocracy, Duddy Detris, 47 years old, carries on the family tradition of champagne taste
in his legantly decorated penthose on San Francisco's Nob Hill. Duddy's boy is 21.

DRUMMER'S DADDIES



Daddy Bob, above, 55 years old, will take you to there if you dare. His favorite thing is watching his tattoos disappear. Daddy's boy is 21.

At right Tex, 40, is as big as his state with a heart of gold plus Seventeen Million dollars and a powder-blue Cadillac convertible. Daddy's boys are 22 and 23 and admit to chubby-chasing.



MOTHER'S

54 Room Y Style Hotel

Mother's Levi Leather Bar

Outside Patio Cafe

Cell Block Leather Shop

24 hour Restaurant

Mother Trucker's Levi Leather Disco

DIG IN!

133 N.W. First Ave. Miami, Florida (305) 358-6962

Sticks and Stones by jason klein



I lay back into the cold sponge of a ground, nestled among at yback into the cour sponge of a ground, nestical among the smells of mud and reeds, and watched sliver drifting out the smells of mud and reeds, and watched sliver drifting out the same specific properties of the smell specific

Do not step on the ground. Do not step off the clouds.

The marsh crickets were crinkling twilight, chirping, so there I lay soaking in musk like Ulysses bound against the

Sirens. The night would hide me.
The great pyramid of New San Francisco would not hurt

me.

The great pyramid separated in the last lip of the sun, sheens slicing it into a multitude of little pyramids, all clear and flashing, the pyramid of pyramids floating on winds of gravity like a galleon of the skies.

The last gleaming was not twilight's. It was not the last lip of the sun, but candles on patrol, the iron balloons of pops scouting in between the pyramids before diffting out of the city and netting curfew. The pyramid of pyramids dissolved into shadows.

I saddled my kite and lifted swinging to a legal height, scissoring breezes homeward. I was almost within the city when one of the iron balloons laid rays on my sails, Immediately four other candles surrounded me, pops orbitting my flight and shouting, "Bust your brains, little boy? Can't read the night, pussyboy? It's curfew."

"Ey, stop hounding poof. I bumped a tree and troubled my sails. I'm my best, considering. My hour is on."
"Snot pussy." The pops' orbit shattered in a flurry, pur-

posely tipping my flight to try dumping me from my saddle. I muscled sails and dipped between the pyramids of Bazaar Street, circling home just to pester candles. I doubt they spotted me while I was on the ground.

We were at the beach, Eric and I naked while Daniel kept his clothes on. Now Eric has his clothes on and Daniel is blushing because his are off for a while, but only because I'm obsessed, Daniel is beautiful, He looks like a little Rasputin, He says the things that I think but never say because my head is always so cluttered with unfinished symphonies. He has me on a boomerang. Plug me into a wall, somebody!

Eric and I were naked and Daniel kept his clothes on, I stretched in the sand, wondering if Daniel thought I was a slut.

Mother, he's in here again.

Wade Goldman, you get out of there this instant. How many times must I tell you? Leave your sister alone when she's on the toilet.

You're avoiding the issue.

Is this a streaming consciousness?

No, just your basic confusion. Daniel is too scary. What do I do if I do get to touch him?

Make sense. I have written dozens of poems about the sea, You can read any of them and it will be how this day was, the one I'm trying to write about. The sea was one of my poems and the lines belong to Daniel now because I spoke them out loud to him, in rough form instead of writing and polishing, It's not that I expect Daniel to remember them. That's not the point, The point is that I knew I was being romantic and yet I let it happen. I didn't tighten. I said words without even thinking of paper. Then Daniel surprised me, asking, "Why aren't you writing it down?" He asked it without the usual resentful condescensions. We were very lacy, and he was saving everything I hide when I'm laced, shivering for purely metabolic

reasons. The world is much colder when I'm lacv Eric was our bridge to each other, his behind propped between Daniel and me, so we started arranging stones along his back and poked some sticks between his elephants to form a wooden fin. We ignored Eric's complaints and continued playing our game as if it had rules when it didn't.

I slipped a wedge of jade between the shales and secretly decided whoever held the most sticks in the end won. So far

Eric was winning.

"Oh, you think you can do that?"

"Yea, Right here under RULES, See?" I held up sheet of air. "Seventh paragraph, third sentence. See?" "I believe you.

"Good. Now play." The trick would be to gather sticks without Daniel becoming suspicious. Daniel placed a stick between two pebbles in the middle of Eric's back.

I removed the stick and replaced it with a boulder.

"You can't do that.

Eric's back went crunch.
"Why not?" I had a good reason for putting that boulder where I did. "Why can't I do that?"

"Because then you'll discover how you can."
"Well, all right!" I howled and removed the boulder while Daniel took another stick out from between Eric's elephants. His elephants looked like two fat lips munching a mouthful

of ribs. I laughed. "I knew you'd see that, OK, wise man, Here, Now take my stone, I dare you. You haven't won yet."

I eyed the ruby he had placed on top of my jade, and smiled, "We're being romantic.

My lace dropped all its sticks and ran screaming at the sudden exhibition of its naked holes, desperate for a mirror. I'll have to get to know Daniel better.

Among a myriad pendulums swinging in a jungle of clocks chiming and cuckooing, unsynchronized ticktock like a wind of sticks clattering about the spitting snap of a fire placed between hidden Westminsters, grandfather St. Michael's and squat troubled Whittingtons, under the hammock over Igor's bed, we sweated, wrestling awkwardly until I was handcuffed behind my back and weakly raped. Then he spent half an hour showing me all the tricks to using cuffs, trying to familiarize me with the key while we groped metal holes in the blind of

night. We were awkward because we did not know who was to dominate who, Both of us remained too nervous to declare our expectations, two more victims of a bureaucracy that has programmed us to believe we are not supposed to enjoy hierarchies of our own invention. Bureaucracy, a jealous sado-

masochism.

'What are you into?" I asked him. "Didn't the bionic dwarf explain? "No." He needed to be explained?

"It depends on who I'm with. I'm open." "Well, so am I. I asked first.

"I'll hogtie you."
"OK." I admit I didn't sound very enthusiastic, partly because I was afraid to expose how much I wanted it.

He stroked me. "I'm not going to hogtie you," He mistook my confusion for reluctance and failed to recognize my hunger. Confusion remained and tangled our fantasy. I lost my bone when I was the conqueror, but I had it right there big and hard when I was his victim, bucking under his spill and his violent suction exploding me through sticky winds.

He collapsed over me. My favorite clock loomed out of the wall above the bed, a giant wooden cuckoo ornamented with trussed rabbit and

pheasant, horns and rifles, vines. Igor asked when he would see me again, and I thought of Daniel I should have been more assertive about my suppression. Beat me, beat me, it feels so good.

Daniel felt inside my shirt where the winds of New San Francisco were busy. "Aren't you cold?"

"No, you're warm enough. "You're hot."

"You're steaming.

"You're molten,"
"You're volcanic," My desperation for words smiled. "That wasn't very good." "You're a super nova."

"You are the quaser of my heart."

We hugged. "I think we're becoming nauseating." A desperate dress eyed our calm embrace and drooled bitters. Daniel caught the wax of her hate and smiled, hugging me again and saying to her, "Do you know how wonderful

My aggression melted into greatness beside him, even

though I said nothing as the dress shrivelled across the street like a blaspheming balloon released from confident finger-My silence was my obstinate refusal to recognize her fury,

secretly delighting in her persistent frustration shouting "Pussyboy!" at us each time her distance improved. She was fury left ridiculous in the void, she the hyena and we the smiling carcass that would not kick.

Elvira, Myrtle and I went to watch islands dribble off the coast. Mountains opened up and pushed their continent aside. Sticks scuttled across dirt paths, bugs popped underground, and trees clambered over each other on all fours, rustling and creaking distraughtly. "There must be a boy scout in the area."

We went around to some rickety steps winding their railing down into a bright cove. We descended there to play in the

white sand and wade through green waters. The seas move much slower here, brown erupting into blue, heaves and eruptions strolling, sprays writhing. Grey anemone stars hung off cliff faces, gulping fog while the snowy beaches squirmed with whatever was living underneath them. I had forgotten what it was like, to be with nature. "See the lizard?" pointed Myrtle.

"Label it, Waddles,"

"Lacertilia scaliosus." So I improvised. Memorizing any-

thing beyond suborders bores me. Ice plants splotched the hills like molten moss.

I forced Myrtle and Elvira to look at themselves in the mirror and showed them the therapy of talking with their re-flections. For that I had to endure their calling me normal,

They couldn't handle confronting themselves, We turned to leave the creeping sea, and cormorants barked an amazing squeak.

I thumbed them. "At least they know who god is and are heralding my return." "Wade, your ego is not supposed to show like that."

"Stick us in the madhouse, somebody, please."
"At least we'll all be in the same ward."

"Knitting in our rockers with ego suppressants and purses of Wonder Bread." "We're breaking."

"I think it's space sickness."

Baie de Bafy was a sunset desolation, the wind a bitter cold blasting at our faces as we bubbled, playing in a green foam wobbling along the yellow shore. The foam clung to our feet and calves like science fiction, a creeping growing slime, the froth warm and thick, ice plants like lavendar crystals splashing across the dunes, some of them flowering in sandy crotches. Our laughter seemed to echo in the wind.

Myrtle and Elvira went back to Cape Town today, and already I miss them. They are like sisters to me, and I have yet to find any women here I can really relax with. I've been too relaxed to look

In the clutter of ticktock chiming and cuckooing, three tongues wagged in and out of our single mouth, gasping and slurping above our tangled sweat. I bathed in orgasms spurting from the two monsters I had a hold of, and from my own monster furious in the smooth clutches of the two men towering over me. We idled, muscular. Igor was going to handcuff me, but Reeve was new to the city and we didn't want to frighten him. It might have corked our pornography.

I lunged at his shoulders and sank my teeth into his pleasure while pinning his naked resistance, every muscle between us sweltering, locking, wrestling bestial until our beasts broke and surfaced human. We stroked our heat and watched our chests billow and clench before one attacked the other and we submerged back into prey vs. predator, the conqueror vs. the ravaged, our strengths oscillating in great waves. With every crash, we switched blades, then surged again, throwing each other's body down and slapping elephants.

Igor handcuffed me, "Suck me."

I sneered hungry for a monster. "You'll have to make me," He bound me with an imagination I could toy with, I alternated fear with impatience, lust with defiance, battling until our throats were dry from so much breathing. We embraced and caressed, licking the slick salt of our exhaustion's persistence, then struggled again. I imagined a leather desert.

He bound my bone and bags and fingers, trussed my retaliation with one cord after another until I was wadded but loose. I wanted it tight, complete subjugation while his

power stuffed my hunger and exploded.

Instead he collapsed next to me, fatigued and panting, so I freed myself with an adeptness that surprised him, grabbed his weary body, and hogtied him with the same adamancy I had expected from him. He resented it more than was erotic so I untied him and, handcuffing my feet together, delivered

my own pain to myself, multiple orgasms collapsing into bodies collapsing into each other through the tatters of my

"How did you get loose?" "I've been tying myself up for seventeen years. You learn

these things." Only Igor would leave me a "Thank you" note on toilet paper. Fancy clown. But that was a few days ago. Daniel is not to be considered until I am organic again, not until the lace is out of my body because that is when Daniel is home, mud for my feet when my head is in the clouds. I am where I am, and all I need to do is accept that as much when I'm laced among everybody else's angles as when I'm alone with my

I want to take this to the point of having my body ravaged far beyond what I want. I want to be thrust into panic and protest, crying in the realm of a more thorough domination. I want somebody to break the sanctity of "stop," and then I will have taken this facet of me far enough. It will be time then to explore another side of me.

"Hello?"

own, lacy or not.

"Is Brian there?" I asked, keeping the visual closed. "Wade! How are you?"

"I'm home. Brian wanted me to call about dinner tonight." The warmth of Daniel's mouth descended around my peanut and swallowed, rubbing shivers across my sprawl. "Uh, do you know if it's still there

"I don't know. Brian's still sleeping."

Beneath the clean shuttle of Daniel's gripping lips, my legs stretched, tightened, twitches strung to clenching toes, "Oh, When should I call back?"

"I don't know. What time is it?"

I opened my eyes from the bed, "Ten thirty" "How about around noon or so? I could have him call

you,"
"Yeah." I gripped sheets, spasms swirling out of groin and

"OK, I guess. Nothing new. How about you?" "Wonderful. I'm feeling absolutely wonderful." Daniel snickered and snorted, blasting eruptions clear across my beady hide. I lunged, and fortunately Brian's friend discon-

nected, Brian having just stepped out of his room. Neither of them were there to wonder at the heavy breathing on my end of the AV, and I managed to avoid gasping when Brian reopened his end and started talking about his latest adventure. I ruptured like mud, oozed into Daniel's thick heat, and teased Brian about being a slut. I wanted to expose our antics, but Daniel would have hit me. I could love him for life. Just so we keep on our toes with each other and dodge the ruts.
"You sure are quiet when you're on AV." Daniel poked afterwards.

"Hoho, what do you expect?"

"You're so cute when you're twitching all over." Love, love, love, how I hate the bastardization of that

I came to Daniel in my new look, my bone refusing to calm behind the black leather chaps and jacket. It made Daniel nervous, but then I started laughing at myself and wrestled playfully with him, telling him how much I love costumes. He relaxed a little, but is still awkward next to a costume that

"Why do you show me these things?"

Last night I wanted to see Igor, so Bob and I ate with him, smoking too much lace and listening to Monteverdi's Orfeo until, feeling very leathery, I dropped my pants. Igor reluctantly invited me to stay overnight, but he was too tired for sex, so I pulled my pants back up and stiffened as a fool, I

should never have asked anyway. Bob and I were supposed to meet Daniel after classes, and Bob is here to see me, so I scolded myself for having rude impulses and left, after needlessly assuring Igor I still want to sleep with him, with or without sex. We'll be going to Manambolo River tomorrow

Then Bob and I found a note from Daniel on my door. He was fury-colored because we hadn't been there, so I raced to call him. Even though we had intended to be back earlier, I agreed I should have left a note, peeved nevertheless because Daniel was biting on me like a wife, He assumed my failure to leave a note was negligence rather than misfortune, then began dressing me in guilt — he had to stand in the cold for a half hour, I never consider him, I never leave notes for people I'm supposed to meet later, I irritate him in a multitude of ways he never mentioned before, on and on into hyperdrive, Add Bob's chronic depression and my mood was clawing to escape so many pits when all it had to do was stand up and step out. Who ever heard of being depressed in New San Fran-

cisco? Then I discovered the mouse dead in my new mousetrap. I didn't want to kill it, but the shit and chewed bags were becoming intolerable and since I had no way to consult with the mouse for a more consenting relationship, what else could I do? I released the broken spine into the garbage.

Daniel found the wound on my throat, and I had to tell him about being strung up by a black leather collar and about how it had pinched me there and rubbed a string of blisters. He grimaced and whined, "Why do you need all this?"

I don't need it. I like it."

"Degrading yourself." "Degradation is what you make of it. It's only a fantasy."

"But you're making it a reality."

"I'm experiencing it, not making it a reality." "Oh, there's a difference."

"Yes, there is. If it was real, it would have been without my consent, I wouldn't have walked away free and feeling glorious, I wouldn't have had a choice, and I wouldn't have any choices now."

"But it's so degrading."
"In your eye. You look at it as degrading. I look at it as

erotic Daniel said no more, which is not to say I am fooled into thinking his mind is as quiet as his mouth.

Daniel's AV buzzed, and thinking it was Nancy, he answered it with obscene breathing. It was his new therapist. We fell back laughing and lay beside the heaving spume yellow lips digging into the beach with their frenzy of crystal claws breaking, flats of glitter racing back into the giant hills unwinding erupting wings and shoving them over boulders into the sand. My body emptied, dark and hollow under the skin of my mind, and then that dissolved and all was trees in the wind, gravel pouring, liquid explosions flashing up the cliffs and sucking boulders down, vast spaces. I moved into Daniel's body, filled the hollow of my body with his touch and licked sinking into his groin.

Daniel moved away and said he could no longer deal with my leather. I emptied like a ghost town.

Daniel will settle for even less of a relationship, Daniel will let me explore leather without him. I twisted at the possibility I was a machine after all, never hearing the outside, never compromising, incapable of any concern for others. I wondered if I had been as insensitive to Daniel as I criticize

others for being to each other I twisted free. In saying I've been insensitive to his needs, Daniel is belittling the intensity of my needs. He's also under-estimating how much I love him, not that it's all his fault. I no more communicated the degree to which I have refrained from asking him to tie me up than he communicated the degree to which he deplored doing it, I out of a fear of dragging him too far, he out of the ridiculous assumption that being in love with me means he has to be me, my needs his needs my wants his wants. To be in love is not to sacrifice yourself to somebody else's reality. Love is cooperative, not sacrificial.

Unless it's suicidal, Foolish? Erotic, What do I know?

Baggy rags muttered furiously behind a veteran cigarette. the man pacing aimlessly, derailled and cursing whoever he snagged on his stubbled squint. Denims and bodyrubbers softly drifted from him, knowing he would be knifing anyone within an hour or so. The polyethers only heard he was talking God and nodded approval while waiting for the next blimp home.

I was walking for the corporation when something smacked behind me. I turned and looked at the crumpled suicide draining into the sidewalk, wondered which window or roof had been its last, and started crying, not for the corpse, but because the dilemma of what to do had catalyzed my own frustration inside such an obstinate hell,

Last night I dreamed the sky was raining bodies, every plunk a little crunch, like mousetraps snapping in the night.

As soon as I covered his eyes, he wanted the toilet. He thought I would untie him, but I refused to do it and kept him blindfolded as I led him to the bowl,

"Sit." I enjoyed watching him grope for the seat while he lowered himself as best he could with his hands tied in front. I squatted in a nearby corner, admiring his naked body in the moonlight, then tugged on the rope leading to his wrists, "You better do as I say, boy. The less I like you, the less you are going to

like me. Already he was whimpering, afraid of what I might do to

I forced indifference, then feigned anger. "What are you crying for? I haven't done anything to you, yet." "Please let me go. Sir."

I let his mind squirm at my silence. His muscles tensed. "What're you afraid of? You knew what you were walking

into. Don't you trust me, boy?"
"Not particularly, Sir."
I laughed. "Fool. I've gotten you this far. We aren't stop-

He pleaded for his freedom. I hogtied him anyway and sucked sperm out of him. He was unrealistic, so beautiful in rope, his muscles bulging, jaws tightening. It consoled him

little to be told so. I released him, as disappointed as he was disgruntled. If these men are going to blubber at the first touch of rope, I wish they would stop telling me they want it rough.

They don't even know their own fantasies.

I can scream. I can howl. I can coo. It's only my throat. I can rough you up. I can touch most delicately. It's only contact, I can be jock, I can be leather, I can be business, mountain, farm, varsity, or lady. It's only attitudes. I can kiss. I can fuck. It's only erotic. I can love, hate, hit, hug, greet the weird and meet the enemy. It's only interaction. It's life. It's called optimum adaptability. It's called a happy survival. It's called being flexible and shifting comfortably with one's company rather than tightening in it, but through all this mental fluidity does persist a singular quality that does not compromise or lose track of itself, and that quality is me.

The self.

I'm not afraid to dance,

It was 12:10 and I almost bit my sandwich when Daniel called from the pots. We cooed and hooted, whispering through the AV until a strange sensation turned my eyes to the unravelling of my jeans, denim opening fibers and my

bone busting out, growing in the shower of his sweet nothings at my metal ear. I tried to keep my bone hidden under the word processor - another worker was still in the room but Daniel emboldened my bone to sprout into full view, its skin breaking open and peeling away as several bones grew out of the one. They rose until each tore its skin and released an even greater multitude of bones, all towering out of my groin and swaying up to nudge the ceiling where each bone unfurled a pair of buds. From each bud erupted a multitude of hands, a multitude of hands stroking a multitude of bones, all attached to me and fanatically jiggling until my squirms were tossing in the blast of a thousand orgasm volcanoes rupturing my happy flesh. The janitor came in and swept my remains into a canister, then mailed it to Daniel who spent three hundred and sixty-four years gluing dust to dust until I was whole again. Tonight we are celebrating our reunion,

I was sitting under a paper tree, cozy in my tights and sweat jacket, writing lines of poetry and sketching the dance that would mobilize them, when this iceman came screaming up to me, raving at my costume and brandishing a blade, words issuing from his mouth like bullets. "Pussyboy! Weirdo! Pervert! Snot pussy!"

I picked up my frequencer from beside me and frequenced his eyes to dust. "One step further and I'll powder your legs.

"Pussyboy! Weirdo! Pervert! Snot pussy!" he shouted

again

"Mmmmmm mmm, love that snot,"

He charged and I powdered his head so he dropped and broke into a clutter of chips and tubes like fungus feeding. I was sitting on a hill of grass and whistling in the open

air, reading clouds and cuddling my legs in tights, wiggling toes in the cling of socks, and smiling to bathe in such sensation, An iron balloon filled with pops loomed over me, as if a tumor hanging off my paper tree, the pops sneezing threats and vomit down upon my head, "Bust your brains, baby

bags? Better prove ya ain't vagrant, pussyboy I powdered the balloon, soldered it solid so it clunked to

the ground and pinned the pops against some clover.
"Pussyboy! Snot! Criminal!" I sat on their faces, one by one, and suffocated their bark-

ing mouths, farting,

I was soft in the universal calm of little massacres hiding in every bush. I was shepherd to the vast mystery of such a mindless activity as nature with its multitude of minds, packets of consciousness unconscious of so much, when a lead balloon came rumbling into view, cracking lightning off the clouds and stoning me with bibles.

'I love you," beamed the lady in white as she scattered lead pamphlets on the sickness of homosexuality. "I love you," she said, opening her arms to invite me into her aid. you," she said, opening her arms to invite me into her acid bosom. "Christ will cure you."

"You are holding onto lies in the face of reality," I said, picking up my bruises.

The lady in white crystallized and dripped. "Why are you crying?" I asked her,

"Because I am unhappy." She gripped the air around her.
"Because I am unhappy." Squeezing.
"Why are you unhappy?"

"I don't know."

Seek and you shall find the answer within you." "Sinner! Child molester! Evil incarnate!" Her lead balloon

boomed, splitting across a distant space, stripping the lady out of white so she spilled naked before me and died of exposure I was stripped naked before a mob and made to walk the splintered planks. I eyed the wheel I would be bound to and

broken on, then hugged my executioner with all my remaining love for the doing of it. He shoved me down and stretched me across cracked

spokes, tied me tight and smashed my bones, leg and arm, before poling the wheel and swinging me whimpering high above the ground into the endless flounder of waiting. I looked down into the mob and asked, "Anyone got the time

I raced home, planning to rape Daniel before dinner col-

lapsed us from a day's exhaustion. I burst into my pod and there he was, Daniel at the end of the hallway and naked except for my black leather chaps. My startle dropped books and smiled, bone straining denim, body flushing heats at such a signal from my man. It was me wearing jock for him, and I grabbed him and licked his naked body until he was laughing under newfound tickles. Give me a body and I will find tickles it never knew existed. Howl, His bone reared brontosaurian, thunder lizard, twitching side to side as if a pendulum time piece. I sat on it and breathed frantic in the cloud of his fuck. I clutched what I could clutch, but dissipated delirious and was nothing more solid than crazed eyefuls of his body pumping mine, our thicksocks playing, our beards brushing kisses, our back streaming sweaty. Breathing escaped and raged through the open, all of me ballooning, contracting, shivering,

shaking, gasping and blowing and exploding

I felt his thunder splashing inside me, my hole hugging his rippling bone, my blast rupturing and spilling sperm across my face and throat, his chest and arms. The door buzzed again

"Maybe we should answer it."

I heard Daniel say it, but there were no nerves to my mouth. There were no nerves to my body. I lay disconnected and energiless, but somehow agreed when the door buzzed several times more before Daniel managed to work his bone out of me, it had plunged so deep, bloated so dinosaurian. Daniel ran out of my field of perception, then returned to stand me and guide my daze into the bathroom. Cold blue bathroom. He closed the bathroom door and opened the hallway's. Noises. Daniel justifying his don of black leather chaps to a stranger who was an old friend of mine from Cape Town. Mickey had whipped into town for a surprise, but he had to wait while I whipped my body back together and collected the unravellings of my head. I finally stood on my own accord, put on a bodyrubber and presented myself to Mickey for a night of calzone and wine partying in the beauty of downtown New San Francisco made even more glorious by Daniel having signalled I was still important to him, even with my darker side. Oh, my man, I love him so. He could not have timed it more perfectly.

There are pyramids above the white veins of dusk and a scarlet sky dripping birds. The pyramids house propellors and their spin is the gill of creation, lust consumed and shrieking energies into the blast of consciousness recognizing itself the terror of that first sense. I am. Steeds bursting out of their corral into a comet of motors rushing people to their souls. Orgasm

In the totems of our beginning, we were terrified to be and clung to our origins. Our spirits began among the animals, wellsprings of a biological genius who worshipped what it destroyed — the passions of living. Suddenly all the world was a zoo of spirits - the more the cages, the fewer the forests until all was city and the only herd was a face in search of a mirror, Narcissus looking into a pool but seeing only the sky. "That's where my face must be. Up there." Narcissus frowning at his invisibility. "Until I am dead." But there is no genius without a trick, and we glued our reflections to the

Burying questions where no answers could be found.

The weather was umbrellas cursing, the mood hungry, and all about us we could hear axes whispering. We listened to the food dropping deeper into our bodies, then stood in the streets and watched it raining underneath the city, glitter slipping down far into the darkening flats of a marshy shore. I scanned the pedestrian crowds, watched people walking their itsy bitsy dogs and trying to avoid each other while their dogs strained leashes to meet, people exploding at every contact the way they usually do, except this time the explosions were warmer because the sky was more threatening

I watched people explode chatting, then watched their many ways of picking up the pieces once the acquaintance had passed

Sometimes I feel as if I am not of this Earth and fear I am

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PAT. PEND.

I put my face into the breeze and smiled at the brush of hair and feathers across my ear, little bones clattering and fingering my right loin, toying with the skins between my legs as I squatted in the sand with my octopus and breathed a strange air. The sky was copper again and the horizon a brilliant hole tattered with the sun broken up inside it by various bands of purple, the waves fluttering blue over a sailing in of ink. I was singing the hoot of the hunt to the discourse of bones, waves rustling, when I remembered something and

The woman said, "You remind me a lot of St. Francis, except you've matured into Machiavelli." She talked of her best friend, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and the good times they have together, as well as all the other heads of state she knows, she knows so many. She wanted me to meet Franklin because he would be delighted by me and I could get some advice from him, "he's so skilled at politics." Her voice was not a cackle, but a soft confidence relaxed in a world everyone else snickered at because her reality was not in their space and she wanted to talk. My curiosity listened. My spirit humored her from a distance, but warmed to her innocent insanity. She was the lacy queen who no longer had any subjects, and her realm was annoying too many because it was indifferent to the indifference it floated through. I should have given her the money so she could pretend to call a friend

Igor, ruby that he is, asked if she was violent, her personal reality secondary, An iceman would have asked, "Why don't they put her away?"

We put too much pride in our gods, too much pride in our nations, too much in our parents when we have no pride in oursleves as indivduals standing in our own light instead of in the shadows of others.

I was feeling lower than I've felt in years, so angry and bent by anything and everything that not even Daniel could shake a smile out of me, so my Master dragged me into the steamy bowels of the stinkiest pot in town, the Slit. It was a night in red. He locked my head and hands in the stocks at the foot of the bed, and he frazzled my elephants with the cat-o-nine tails. He mummified me tighter than he ever will again and tied me down as the ace bandages began squeezing in even tighter, instant discomfort, quick pain, my head blasting in the thickly puffed air and then inside the thick swaddle of more bandages keeping a lot of dirty thick socks stuffed inside my mouth. Then my Master opened the door to our room and shouted so even I heard him through the bandages

"Free for all!" he shouted, and left me to the whim of any and every man in the pot. Hand after hand grabbed me, mouths swallowing and working my exposed bone into spilling and spilling again, over and over until I was screaming and bucking despite how it hurt, protesting the blast of sensations exaggerated out of control, each new spill crashing down on me as if great architectures imploding. Somewhere in my rage, the images were there, great stone buildings cracking and collapsing in on me.

But best of all was when my Master hung me upside down, love feeling my legs stretched taut by the weight of my own body. I love leaving the ground. He left me hanging alone with the pain as it gradually overwhelmed me. My feet vaporized into that familiar stinging cloud. My sinuses filled, head fattening. I writhed and screamed and roared, trying to free my hands bound tightly behind my back. I was naked then, and delirious in the slick of sweat dripping off my body. I was gagged and my head still wrapped, but that did not keep my roars from drawing even more men to the free-for-all

My Master's voice came into my ear through many layers, telling me I was making too much noise, but I could not keep quiet. The pain grew too quickly and I needed to struggle, I needed to scream and shout, so he shoved his bone down my throat and forced me to suck and work it until he spilled great wads and I had to gulp it down. Not easy when you're hanging by your feet.

I thought he would release me then, but he left me hanging there with pain going farther than it had ever gone before. Once again I writhed and shouted without thinking. Then suddenly in so much sweat, my body, every muscle seemed a lubricant. I could feel the tensions leaving me and remember especially how good my elephants felt. Suddenly I was on the other side. I had passed through pain into that realm where everything shines and all of me was feeling fantastic.

My Master dropped me. Hypersensitivities shot through my legs, jabbing and blasting. My breathing lost control and I chewed teeth against an agony far worse than anything I had felt while hanging upside down. My breathing opened fast and furious, forcing air through dirty socks and bandages, then clamped shut, squeezing against the flurry of shrinking pains until breathing fast and furious again.

A swarm of arms grabbed and hugged me, stroking my entire body. Surprised, I tried to signal I was all right, that I was only blowing locomotive to air the smart of it, but their hugging and stroking felt too good, and as always happens when affection starts soothing a previous brutality, I began crying. I doubt anyone noticed. It was a soft cry buried deep inside several layers of bandages. They tried to remove the wrappings, but shook my head in protest. I wanted the gag and bandages, so they let me keep them.

I was too exhausted to stay awake, so my Master released me. I curled and sighed, feeling much better than I had before entering the Slit. My Master laughed to hear me say so and

ordered me to roll bandages and pack the ropes.

When I got home, Daniel was asleep, and I too awake, partly because I had to deal with that twisted uneasiness that comes from previously overturned intestines trying to shift back down into a normal position.

On the way to the shower, I caught myself in the mirror surprised by how flat and muscled my belly was. Overturned intestines weren't the only reason my stomach was sore, Writhing for several hours had more than compensated for not

doing my exercises. I wanted Daniel to see it. Even after a shower, I could not sleep, so I watched Daniel. He's cute when he's asleep. He scratches and snorts, twitching this way and that before curling into my crotch at the slightest caress. I wrapped my arms around him and let the heat of his elephants gradually relax my belly. I also worried, not knowing why I became so depressed. Stinking with my Master had definitely worked out the tensions, and the moods as well, but there still is no clear answer why. I suppose it doesn't really matter. Stinking works,

Sometimes I let the world bite on me too much. I have to watch myself when I start looking at it too closely, be more careful to vacation from the ugliness of its pressures and keep myself happy. I've also been letting my financial trap overwhelm me, and maybe I'm pushing myself too hard to finish the thesis. But I have to push on that. I have to finish it before the world closes again.

For a while last night I worried about the possibility that Daniel was part of my depression, thinking maybe I was not handling our living together as well as I thought. I have not really been alone for so long, but today that all seems too gloomy, and I keep zooming at the sight of him. Daniel, the

one clear answer.

At one point my Master became concerned that he might have whipped me too hard. He has expressed this concern more than once, and it always surprises me. I must be impervious to whipping. I never seem to have gotten too much. Sometimes I even wish he would go further, but the risk of bruises is too great, and it's not worth losing Daniel.

I saddled next to Daniel and clicked cheeks. "Hey, short

pale and ugly, how's licks?"

His frazzled grin and cocked curly brows snorted and punched me in the leather, "What you mean 'short pale and ugly'?

'Tall dark and handsome," I hissed, slinking snoot. "What you mean 'short pale and ugly'?"

"Tall dark and handsome," I purred, rubbing eye to eye between the heat of our groceries.

"What you mean 'short pale and ugly'?" he clopped, pucking sloppy and a whole lotta other things shining cocky "Tall," I snailled my tongue into his ear. "Dark,"

ped, flopping my mop and stomping my socks. "And handsome! I'm talking about my man. I'm talking fever," We chomped soul, clapped rumps, gave each other the kiss of a thousand tentacles, and did a whole lotta other things in the yapping of our zoom.

First I tied a separate rope around each of his ankles so he would forget they were there by the time I planned to use them. Then I tied his feet together with another rope, bound his legs tight and mean so he automatically complained, and promptly gagged him and trussed him into a noisy wad. My

hand could barely reach inside to work his bone.

I held a puffer-soaked rag to the nose holes of his hood and began torturing his body as it moaned and writhed. Only his toes and a few rippling muscles indicated the extent to which he struggled, he was tied so tight, so deliciously immobile as I dripped hot wax on him in calculated patterns, the first drop firing a set of sensors in his skin, the next drop firing another set of sensors so close to the first that they fired each other in a sort of richochetting effect, the third drop causing three sets to fire each other, the fourth four, and so on until one drop of wax erupted broad sheets of searing agony without the wax itself being any hotter. No damage, plenty of pain. He spilled quickly, so I knew he had at least three more orgasms in him.

By the time I spilled the second one, I knew his legs would be screaming, so quickly I untied them and before they had a chance to kick, I pulled the ropes at his ankles and snapped them into an automatic spread. He shouted and gasped, his legs not wanting to be touched in any way, vividly asleep, stinging bloodless and frantic to spasm and kick because his blood was returning. He was so surprised he was terrified. His bone shrivelled into a peanut so fast I blinked, laughed and sank my boot into his crotch, digging the heel into his bags.

I untied his arms and spread them between two other posts so he was whimpering, wondering if he really wanted me to be the one to find his limits, With hot wax, I covered areas of his body I hadn't reached before, dripping until he

was screaming for me to stop it.

Disgruntled, he dared contempt. "How do you stop the mahine? Sir.

"You don't. It can only run out of wax," I splashed hot oil across him for the surprise of surprises. He raged. I slapped him down and barked, "Deal with it!"
He shrank into the floor, worrying.

At this point I figured it was time to kiss and make up, so I licked his bags and thighs until he was feeling good and reconsidering his reconsiderations. His confusion deserved another surprise, so I started pricking the soles of his feet and the tips of his toes, using a needle to set sensors against sensors, stings building stings and convincing him his feet were being destroyed slowly and tediously when in truth no damage was being done, Tickling him with a feather everywhere from feet to inside his nose and ears, I had him in a laughing sobbing rage, climaxing his laughter with the dreaded return of hot wax and oil or needles, sailing him through euphorias and plunging him into despair until the sweat and stink of both our bodies had my own bone busting to spill, I worked his for a third spill, hot at the sight of his muscles so tight and sliding, bulging, working, teeth gnashing as his spine locked into a high arch, toes clenched and fingers tautly spread. He was solid as a rock, his bone huge but unable to spill or collapse, forever hardening in a frozen climax. Tears streamed from his closed eyes as he silently begged me to stop touching his bone, stop creating so many sensations, stop leaving his muscles no way to relax. The rest was routine.

To behave in a civilized manner is to balm a chronic anxiety with accumulating novelties. All of human progress has been a succession of anxieties, each resolving itself with a novelty only to generate another anxiety. In the face of starvation, the earliest humans resorted to hunting. In the face of beasts who were not as willing to be eaten as fruits and grubs, humans resorted to weapons and, most importantly, language. By creating a more elaborate communication, language allowed people to coordinate the hunt more effectively. It also allowed them to communicate what was otherwise imperceivable - their imagination, their nightmares, their innermost feelings. This heightened people's awareness both of others and of themselves, generating a hypersensitivity with a potential for cooperation and enlightenment equalled only by its potential for brutality and delusion.

The same language that enhanced people's capacity to unite through a common belief simultaneously enhanced their capacity to alienate through a common misunderstanding, sometimes within the group, but especially between people with different vernaculars. Language sharpened group boundaries, familiarity led to alliances, and strangers were magni-

fied into an enemy.

Human passions intensified - super fears imagined the supernatural and super anger generated a sensation of unprecedented power. As the anxieties of a hypertrophic consciousness intensified, power became an addiction. The invention of status symbols standardized its distribution and display, generating a conventionalized sadomasochism, power games competing with a brutality humans were not accustomed to. In the face of a brutal death, people had a fantasy and changed the supernatural into supreme beings who could change the way of things. The invention of gods was stand-ardized into religion — a disciplinarian technology glorifying humiliation (sometimes disguised as humility) and reinforcing the erotic pain of power.

In the lust for power and glory, human society ruptured into civilizations - fluorescent neurosis clinging religiously to the ignorance of childhood in the face of enlightenment, The anxiety of enlightenment arises from its inevitable devastation of previous mythologies and its disruption of power structures for the sake of political rearrangement. The mechanical inventions of that enlightenment (and the instrumental technology they create) only temporarily pacifies the social panic until a power structure is reestablished and new myths devised, our machines forever in competition with our

gods.

"You must be incredibly understanding," he said when I finally let him go. I was almost embarrassed - flattered, then uncertain. Did he say it out of gratitude or amazement? Maybe I was so intense that he couldn't believe I had the control to free him. I took him past two of his limits. That alone would have amazed him. He'll be thinking about it for a few days, weighing the fact that he had wanted it with how much he didn't enjoy it. Right now he's either in awe or he still hates me. I left him little room for any other emotion. If he calls, wanting to try again, don't until you're already satiated or exhausted from a session with somebody else.

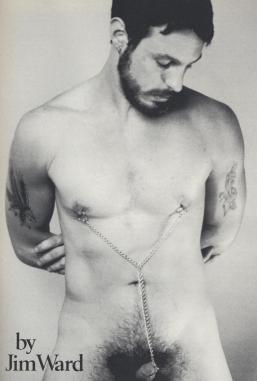
I had too much energy and delivered too much too fast. The astronomy professor would have loved it. This man couldn't even handle being blindfolded, and that should have clued me right away. It did, but I had too much energy to let him go and he too little to deal with getting more than he wanted. You don't break limits by doing only what you want to do.

Daniel and I watched each other through our wine glasses, firelight in our eyes and nostalgia smoking lace, both of us smilling to think how much we have matured in the past year. 'Silly slut."

"Witty witch."

We laughed and Daniel grabbed the lube, He still doesn't understand why I gave him a pile of sticks for our anniversary, but he will once he reads this.

THE FINE ART OF DESCRIPTION OF THE PROPERTY OF



The subject of piercing, particularly body and genital piercing, is enough to make a lot of guys (even some tough and butch ones) squeamish. The main reason for this is that so many of us know so little about it, and the examples we have seen have often been so extreme that few of us have stopped to think that a piercing could offer us anything personally or that it just might be able to make our sex lives a hell of a lot more exciting. Let's face it; hanging around by your pierced pecs like A Man Called Horse isn't the average guy's idea of fun. A good J.O. fantasy perhaps, but most of us aren't ready for that particular reality. And just how many tricks do you think you'd pick up at the local leather bar if you showed up with a tusk in your nose or holes in your ears the size of mag wheels? Mutilation just isn't where it's at for the majority of "civilized" men, and few of us are ready to join a freak

In ancient and primitive societies, piercings were done for a lot of reasons: As body adornment, as a ritual, a rite of passage, a means of ensuring chastity, even as a place to keep your valuables when there's no such thing as a safety deposit box. Many of these reasons are still relevant in our present age and society, but one common reason, and for us the prime motivation and value, is pure sexual pleasure. And as this pleasure factor is multifaceted, it can arouse us in many different ways on one or more of several levels.

FETISH

As every Drummer reader must know, fetish is something not necessarily erotic in and of itself, that sexually excites somebody. It is usually something one grows up with and not something one acquires a taste for. While there are any number of people who have a fetish for piercings, it isn't necessary to be a fetishist to enjoy what a piercing can do for you, Regardless of whether you're a fetishist or not, piercings can be a definite turn-on in a variety of ways. I'll discuss these shortly. The point I wish to make here is that frequently the erotic stimulus of many fetishes takes place within the mind, arousing on a psychological level. But that is only one of the facets of piercing.

STIMULATION

The number one reason for permanent piercing is to provide greater sensation during sex. I'm not talking about the pleasure of the pain involved in getting pierced which some guys get off on. I'll talk about that later. What I am talking about is the heightened sensitivity and sensation most pierced individuals experi-There are certain spots on the body where the installation of jewelry greatly enhances erotic feeling on a very physical level, not just in the mind. That little piece of metal implanted in sensitive flesh can create indescribable sensations of pure ecstacy which can take the sex act into a higher octave. That is the A-1 "pay-off" of piercings.

Here are the piercings I personally consider the most worthwhile having from the pleasure standpoint:

1) Nipples, which need no explanation. For lots of guys who are willing to allow themselves the pleasure, tit play can be as much fun as cock or ass play. Many fellows with insensitive nipples have discovered a dramatic increase in sensation after having them pierced.

2) The Prince Albert, named after Queen Victoria's husband who sup-posedly had one. The ring in this piercing goes into the urethra and comes out the underside of the penis just behind the head. It is probably the most enjoyable of all the cock piercings. Not only does it increase feeling where the ring goes through, but the movement of the ring inside the urethra, can create tremendous

stimulation. 3) The frenum piercing is through the loose flesh on the underside of the penis shaft, also just behind the head. Frequently done in the wrong place, it should go about a quarter to half an inch back from the Prince Albert, For maximum enjoyment of this piercing a ring or other suitable device is worn which is large enough to encircle the head snuggly when the penis is erect. It functions something like a built-in cock ring,

4) The guiche, a piercing through the 4) The guiche, a piercing through the "tain't" (tain't balls and tain't ass), the ridge of skin between the legs at roughly the spot where the inseam of a pair of pants would be. Very pleasureable, especially for those who are already sensitive in that particular location.

The pain of having these piercings done (assuming the piercer knows what he is doing) is reasonably mild and tolerable, and for me at least, preferable to going to the dentist or having one of those massive penicillin shots in the ass. The following piercings are somewhat more painful to have done, and the latter two take considerable time to heal:

5) Eyodes, usually done in pairs, one on each side of the head through the glans. They were said to have been invented by a Jew who wanted to replace the sensitivity which was lost through circumcision. They do work.

6) The ampallang, a piercing right through the penis head from side to side. Originally devised for straight sex to give the lady a special thrill, this piercing can also do a number on a hot asshole,

 The apadravya is the vertical counterpart of the ampallang, something like a built-in "French tickler," unless you happen to like yours Greek.

Most of us who have piercings would agree that the pleasure they provide us nothing short of fantastic, and many of those sex partners who have had the opportunity of experiencing them in action would concur. The feeling of being fucked by a pierced prick is an experience one should long remember.

A word of advice. Should you decide to have a piercing, think twice before you have it done in a scene, hot as the idea may be. One or both partners is likely to be blitzed; lighting is usually inade-quate; the presence of dirty Crisco, plus sweat, spit, piss, cum, and whatever else turns you on, makes contamination of the piercing all too easy. Don't risk it! Get yourself a professional piercer who knows what he is doing, and enjoy your piercings after they have healed. BONDAGE

For the B&D enthusiast, permanent piercings open up a whole new vista. They make possible some of the most exciting forms of bondage imaginable and are especially great if you happen to be traveling light. A leather thong, a

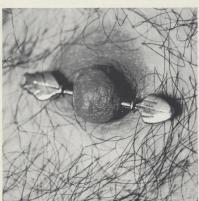






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small chain, or a piece of cord attached to a slave's rings can immobilize him just as effectively, if not more so, as the heaviest of ropes or chains. A little tog is all it takes to keep the unruly in line. Various piercing can be joined or tidd together to achieve a variety of effects and sensations.

and sensations.
Should your slave be fortunate enough
to have a foreskin, you can indulge in a
particularly interesting form of bondage
particularly interesting form of bondage
tice dates from ancient times. Two pierc
ings are placed through the foreskin, one
on each side. After they have healed the
two piercings are locked together making
it difficult or impossible to retract the
foreskin. As a result this tends to discoursegour slave from having use except
PAIN AS PLEASURE

Personally I get the greatest enjoyment out of my well-healed permanent piercings. However, I know a lot of guys who get off on the sensation of getting pierced. If you're into pretty heavy S&M then temporary piercing for the pain of it may be just the thing for you. The pain can run the gamut from mild to excruciating depending upon the size and sharpness of the needles used and the particular area of the body chosen for insertion. Fine hypodermic needles are great for these trips if one has access to them, but most of us don't. A good alternative is glover's needles. These have a very sharp cutting point intended for sewing leather. You can imagine how they go through skin. Try a store that sells sewing notions or supplies for leather work

A few words of caution:

Be absolutely certain your needles and your hands are clean. It doesn't hurt to cleanse the area you plan on piercing by swabbing it with Betadine solution, an iodine solution you can get at your local pharmacy. Soak your needles in it prior to using them.

needles in it prior to using them.

2) Absolutely NEVER use the same needle on more than one person and never place a used needle in your dish of antiseptic solution. This is how Hepatitis can be transmitted. While needles can be sterilized for reuse, the average person doesn't have the means to do it. Use your needles on only one person and then throw them away.

3) Stick to piercing through skin only. If your M is really into pain and ready to have pins stuck in his dick, insert them only under the skin or at most into the head of the cock, It is dangrous to pierce the penis shaft. Likewise piercing of the scrotum can be done without serious problems, however, even though I have seen it done, it is definitely unwise to pierce the testicles themselves.

4) Again let me reiterate; don't attempt to do permanent piercings in the context of a scene. Have those piercings done by a professional piercer who knows what he is doing, otherwise it is those present the present the present present the present pre

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STRAIGHT TO HE

THE DANGEROUS COUNTRY The truth is the biggest turn-on.

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and fantasy of the majority. We do not attack anyone - we only

counterattack those who attack us. We are innocent and can thus afford to use any truthful word, having no need to cover guilt. Those who are guilty, or feel guilty, cannot use our kind of words but must speak in terms like "at this point in time," "operative statement," 'protective reaction strike," to hide their basic evil in pretense and pomposity.

We have nothing to hide or be ash-amed of. The truth favors homosexuals; that is why Playboy and the "straight press use fantasy instead. But we will move forward as long as it is possible in this dangerous country under the banner, - Boyd McDonald

MY JOCKEY'S HUNG LIKE HIS HORSE Let's call this easy rider Bob. He has long since retired. He got too heavy.

They tell me he runs a steak house out near Santa Anita Race Track and is married.

I lived for many years within a stone's throw of Santa Anita Race Track. It was a Saturday afternoon haunt of mine, I loved to bet on the horses. I would handicap my picks before going to the track.

One night I went to a party in Hollywood. All the gayest people in town attended. It ended up in an orgy. Of all people, I met Bob at this party. I didn't think he would be at such a party. Neither of us participated. It didn't suit me but he said he didn't feel above such orgies but the fellows were all swishes. Many of them worked in the film studios. Bob and I left together and went to an eating place. He had to diet so he drank orange juice. He lived near the track so he drove me home. On the way he started rubbing his cock. I finally reached over and massaged it. Then I invited him to my place. Bob was little in stature but

For him it was a one-way deal. Greedily I encompassed the huge plum-like head and really gorged myself. What a lot of hot stuff he carried, I don't know why but there is a thrill about the first time you go down on a man. They are trying to show you what a load they have. The guy that's giving the blow job is really working like mad. I knew I'd like it again

his meat resembled the horses he rode

many times so I wanted to satisfy him. We finally had a complete party although I merely jerked off, Bob was then 28 and had to be the complete male. That's ok by me, Here I had blown one of the leading jockeys at the track. I told him I spent Saturdays at the races. At first he couldn't believe a gay person would like anything like that. We devised a system. If he thought the horse he was on had the ghost of a chance. I'd go to the stable area to watch the boys mount their horses. He'd nod his head just barely. There was a rule against any signaling by the boys. Often he'd call me on Friday night and give me the rundown.

SAILOR IN HEAT

At the baths in Philadelphia, this one guy stood up against the wall for one fuck, two, three, I was number 4. My cock slid in part way and I felt a hand on my balls from back behind. I turned around and there was a guy lying on a cot, naked, sporting a 9-inch hard on, and wearing a sailor cap.

"You guys don't know how to fuck." the sailor said. "You're supposed to ram your cock in like a man." He kept talking about what a big man he was and how he only fucked ass because his girl was in Dayton for a week. I really had me a good fuck and then

watched the sailor fuck the guy. "You fucking queer," he'd say, "you take all the cock you can get don't you? Want a real man to fuck you? Fuck you, bitch, I'll bet you drink piss for breakfast too He kept velling about all those cock-

suckers on the streets. Now the next thing really happened,

no shit. After the sailor shot his wad he kissed the guy on the neck and back. You could see the cum dripping out of his asshole from all the guys who'd fucked him. Sailorboy started licking the cum off the guy's legs and before I knew it he was right in there eating the guy's asshole - rimming, sucking, licking, swallowing and moaning. He really dug sucking assholes. He sucked that ass longer than he had fucked and had nothing to say now about queers and cocksuckers. At least 5 guys stood around watching and jacking off. I was one of them. I even got my finger up the sailor's asshole a little and he never noticed (or cared)

The big "straight" tough sailor finished getting all the cum he could and then turned the guy around and kissed him - gently, Really kissed him like a buddy and stroked his balls and stiff I'd seen enough and wanted more

action so I left. This is true.

"STRAIGHT" DEFINED

In case anyone doesn't know exactly what "straight" means, recent American history has given some definitions

Among cops a cop who is "on the take" or at least can be trusted not to report his buddies who are - that is, a crooked cop - is "straight."

When America is at war, and when it isn't, the war crowd is "straight" and those who consider it unmanly to bomb

hospitals and orphanages are called "faggots" by he-men like the hard hats. Charles Colson, a lawyer and the hoodiest of Nixon's hoods, was recommending a guy to carry out one of the White House's crimes. Colson called him "straight."

RHAPSODY IN BROWN

NEW YORK CITY - A few years ago. while browsing around the library in downtown San Diego, I had to take a piss. As I entered the john a big, beautiful all-American football hero type, about 25, came out of one of the booths, I stood at the urinal looking at him out of the corner of my eye as he washed his hands. He didn't once look at me, He was "straight" and married - and in any case I was sure I wouldn't have a chance with him,

As soon as he left I darted into the booth he'd vacated, hoping there might be a lingering smell of his shit and even a seat still warm from his sturdy young ass. I found not only the smell but the shit itself. He'd forgotten to flush. And what a treasure he had left behind. Three or four beautiful specimens floated in the bowl, It apparently had been a fairly dry, constipated shit, for all were fat, stiff, and ruggedly textured. The real prize was a great feast of turd - a nineinch gastrointestinal triumph as thick as a man's wrist.

I knelt before the bowl, inhaling the rich brown fragrance and wondering if I should obey the impulse building up inside me. I'd always been a heavy rimmer and had lapped up more than one little lump of shit, but that had been just an inevitable part of eating ass and not an end in itself. Of course I'd had of it (what rimmer hasn't), but I had never done it. Now, here I was confronted with the most beautiful fivepound turd I'd ever clapped my eyes on a sausage fit to star in any fantasy and one I knew to have been hatched from the asshole of the world's handsomest

Why not? I plucked it from the bowl. holding it with both hands to keep it from breaking. I lifted it to my nose. It smelled like rich, ripe limburger (horrid but thrilling), yet had the consistency of cheddar. What is cheese anyway but milk turning to shit without benefit of a digestive tract?

I gave it a lick and found that it tasted better than it smelled, I've found since then that shit nearly always does,

I hesitated no longer, I shoved the fucking thing as far into my mouth as I could get it and sucked on it like a big brown cock, beating my meat like a madman. I wanted to completely engulf it and bit off a large chunk, flooding my mouth with the intense, bittersweet flavor. To my delight I found that while the water in the bowl had chilled the outside of the turd, it was still warm inside. As I chewed I discovered that it was filled with little bits of something which I soon identified as undigested peanuts. He hadn't chewed them carefully and they'd passed through his body virtually unchanged. I ate it greedily,

scratchily down my throat. My only regret was that the donor of this feast wasn't there to wash it down with his

I soon reached a terrific climax. I caught my cum in the cupped palm of my hand and drank it down, Believe me, there is no more delightful combination of flavors than the hot sweetness of cum

with the rich bitterness of shit. After I had finished all that nasty, wonderful mess and had recovered myself

was sorry that I hadn't made it last longer. But then I realized that I still had a lot of fun in store for me. There was still a clutch of virile turds left in the bowl. I tenderly fished them out, rolled them into my handkerchief, and stashed them in my briefcase. In the weeks to come I found all kinds of ways to eat the shit without bolting it right down. Once eaten it's gone forever unless you want to filch it third hand out of your own asshole. Not an unreasonable re-course in moments of desperation or

I stored the turds in the refrigerator when I was not using them but within a week they were all gone. The last one I held in my mouth without chewing, letting it slowly dissolve. I had liquid shit trickling down my throat for nearly four hours. I must have had six orgasms in the process.

I often think of that lovely young guy dropping solid gold out of his sweet, pink asshole every day, never knowing what a joy it could, and at least once did, bring to a grateful shit-eater.

HOMOSEXUALS ARE THE ONLY TRUE RADICALS

NEW YORK CITY - America is in the worst shape in its history not simply because it is run by male heterosexuals but because their fear of homosexuality has led them more and more to associate violence with "straight" manhood, according to a leading political commentator, who asked that his name be withheld for fear of reprisals from Nixon's secret police.

He cited the craze for football and hockey; the respectability of the Mafia, the Nixon team, and other criminals as being as least sexually "straight, above all the easy recruitment of troops to serve as fodder in Vietnam despite the fact that the only reason any of them could think of for going there was to prove their manhood. All these, he said, show that American men are not so interested in heterosexuality as in demonstrating that they are not homosexual,

The hard on, he pointed out, is the fact that in homosexual scenes prisoners, cops, truck drivers, sailors, hard hats, and other sex symbols have hard ons shows that biologically there is no such thing as a "straight." Thus, the majority of American males who choose to ward off homosexuality by living a "straight" lifestyle do so mainly for social ap-proval rather than sexual desire - and any man who needs social approval ipso facto cannot look objectively at

Even the young longhaired peacelove types, the commentator pointed out. are at pains to appear "straight," dressing. as they do, in cowboy and athletic clothes and treating women in radical groups as their fathers would - as servants. Only women and homosexuals, he said, can see the society clearly,

PISS-DRINKING

It was a cool night in August, I was at a leather-and-Levis bar in Detroit. It was crowded. I found out that a local cycle club was having a party so there were members from many cycle clubs all over the country there.

I sat down at the bar next to the

entrance to the men's room, A real handsome young stud in leather sat down next to me and introduced himself as Bill. We talked awhile as we sipped our beers. In about 30 minutes Bill went to the john, I noticed his large cock through his pants so I followed him. In the john Bill unzipped his pants and

took out a cut cock that was at least 9". He stood trying to piss but nothing would come out, so I said, "Here, Bill,

let me help you,"

I got busy sucking on that hot, hard cock, and as I struggled to get all 9' down my throat he began fucking my mouth. In about 10 minutes I had my mouth full of cock and warm sperm. He shot at least five mouthfuls of sperm into my thirsty throat as he held my

After swallowing all his sperm, I tried to get back off his cock but he would not let go of my head. He smiled down at me and said, "Now, Cowboy cocksucker, I'm going to wash that down into you all the way with my hot piss and you better

drink it all and not waste a drop if you know what's good for you."

Then he let go a salty spurt of piss into my mouth and stopped to let me get used to the new idea and taste of his salty piss. After I had swallowed his first spurt and he knew I would cooperate, he let go full-blast a long stream of piss into me, and I swallowed fast and just kept swallowing as he kept pissing into my mouth, When he was through he said, "Now, Cowboy, that wasn't so bad

I said, "No, not at all, and frankly, I wish you had more piss to give me." He said, "No, next you give me your piss." The next thing I knew Bill was kneeling in front of me taking out my cock. He smiled up at me and said, "Let

it go, Cowboy, I'm ready,'

As I was pissing down Bill's throat another guy tapped me on the shoulder and said, "I got some hot piss too, Cowboy

- do you want to drink it?" He got up and stood behind Bill and shoved his cock into my mouth. Now I was pissing into Bill's mouth as he kneeled before me and Rick was up on

the shit stool in front of me pissing full

I found out later that Bill and Rick were ages 20 and 21 and lovers from Canada.

That was my first experience with water sports and ever since I am always looking for cocks that have a load of piss for me to drink.

I will never get enough hot salty piss or cock. I will always be glad that I am

gay and a cocksucker and piss drinker. Piss is better than beer or any other

Editor's note: It's all right to drink piss provided the pisser doesn't have a kidney infection. In fact piss keeps shipwrecked sailors alive, where sea water would kill

CLOSET QUEEN COP GETS HIS

NEW JERSEY - Any of your truckhawks that used to suck ten cocks a night up at the Bruckner Traffic Circle around the Cross Roads Diner ought to be happy to know that that rotten cop from the Barkley Avenue Station did eventually get his lumps for his weird behavior towards the cocksuckers and truckers who used to stop for blow jobs before the expressway was built.

This cop and two buddies were in a shakedown business. They often took guys in the car in the cemetery and 'made" them blow them, then took their money and told them to get lost.

Mr. Weird was so vocal towards the truckers that his fag-baiting was more like trucker-baiting. Jealous, I suppose, He would curse them out and the things he said, according to one guy I talked to, led one to think he was a closet truck hawk.

One night he was hiding in the bushes waiting for a victim and mistook a teenager getting out of a truck for a cocksucker finishing up work. When the cop pounced with his rotten language, calling the kid a cocksucker and a queeer, and began his verbal attack on the trucker, the man saw red and battered the cop into the pavement and drove off after

taking a piss on him. It turned out that he was the kid's father.

A small article in a small community paper in the Bronx reported it: policeman attacked by "gang," and so forth. The rotten bum had a chance to think things over with a wired jaw and a few teeth missing. I was really glad to hear what happened to him, I had tried to make a complaint about him before but they laughed me out of the station house, I had his badge number and all, but you know the cops. I understand after his jaw healed he was transferred; the cops had had other complaints about him. But where can you send a cop more remote than Throggs Neck?

Anyway, like so many other cops, he took his homosexual problem with him.

"ALL MARINES SUCK." SAYS 'NAM VET

WISCONSIN - One of my most glorious moments was when I was propositioned by this tall, rugged part Indian just out of the Marines and back from Vietnam, After about 3 drinks together in this mixed Bar, we went to my apart-ment nearby. Both of us shed our clothes immediately and embraced. What a beautiful Body and rock-hard Cock pressed at my also hard 8 inches. After kissing each other, we hit the sack. From the 69, we then started rimming ass and this guy really knew how to do it. His tongue was the best thing that's ever been in my hole. His round and firm ass was also delicious. After about a half-hour of eating ass, we got back into the 69 position and shot our loads. We stayed in

bed for another hour kissing and talking about sex, I asked him if he had much action in 'Nam and he said "anytime I wanted it." I said I didn't think Marines would do it, and he replied, "All Marines suck." We got together 5 times after that and then he took a job out in the state of Washington,

LOVE, YOUR MAGIC SPELL IS EVERYWHERE

The difference between homosexuals and those who are playing it "straight" can be seen in the different meanings they attach to a single word. In the homosexual world, "stonewall" is the name of the New York gay bar on Christopher Street where the customers fought back against a raid by the cops: it has become a symbol for resistance to oppression. In the "straight" world, largely as a result of the Watergate hearings on TV "stonewall" means to resist attempts to uncover crime: to evade, to lie, to stall, to "stonewall."

SUBSCRIBER SAYS HIS FATHER "HAD," AS IT WERE, TYRONE POWER

NEW MEXICO - I am 38 and gav. My father is also gay and in his sixties. But when he was 18 and a student at Princeton Univ. he was the roommate of Tyrone Power. One night my father looked over to the other bed & gave a startled gasp for Ty was totally bare & jerking off his long and very dark colored cock. It was fat and delicious looking so Dad went over, got on his knees & quickly swallowed that beautiful meat. Ty motioned Dad to get up on the narrow bed and soon they assumed the 69 position. This became a routine for two years. Then Ty was signed up by Hollywood and soon was starred in many a flick where he was dressed in tight pants. My father will always remember those good times at Princeton.

TURK SLAPS YOUTH'S FACE WITH HIS COCK

- I was in Greece two months ago, on the island of Crete. and I was staying in this hostel, I was horny as hell from no sex in over a week, I went to the men's room, really just a hole in the ground, & took a long relaxed for a minute before I tucked it away, It rose up quickly at just the slightest touch On the way down the hall this guy's door was open & in the room sat a shirtless, muscular Turkish man. I just sort of gazed at him for a second. He motioned for me to sit down. The guy's name was Aram and he was from Istanbul. He didn't know much English but that made no difference. He pulled out photos of naked women & said he loved for them to blow him & then he would fuck them in the cunt & ass. He got me oozing for his fucking cock as he told me this He kept looking at the photos & rubbing his bulging groin. I said, "Sorry there aren't any women around, but I bet you my ass will take care of your cock all right." The fucking bastard nearly jumped on me, Apparently he had been waiting for me to offer it to him. He took out his meat. It was big as hell. Uncut, very thick, big low balls. He slid that tool



deep in my throat & within 5 minutes he was shooting a load in my fucking mouth as thick as tapioca pudding. He unloaded globs of pasty cum. I felt each fucking ish cum all over my mouth & throat. I shot my load as soon as he came but had hardly noticed it. I was so involved with his river of cum. Christ, I felt fine after that. We lay down for about 20 minutes. He got hard again. He fingered my ass as he stroked my cock & I stroked his. Aram grabbed a bottle of Greek olive oil from under the bed & greased my hot hole with it. I was fucking horny again. I rolled over on my stomach and he slid that dick slowly up my tight asshole. Man, I was grabbing the bedsheets in ecs-Very slowly, in & out, in & out, I baby, fuck me harder. Give me all of it, I can't stand it slow anymore. I need a hard FUCK." Aram pumped my ass like a drilling machine. He slammed into me harder and harder, slapping my ass, punching it with his fists. He was fucking the hell out of me, I came without even touching myself - Aram's dick pushed it out of me. I bucked under him & grabbed his ass to make him drill deeper, I really humped his cock. Aram took his dick out of my asshole & grabbed my head & pulled it over to his greasy, musky, assy cock. He shoved it in my face and velled, "Suck it up." He screamed loudly -something in Turkish - as he emptied his second load all over my face, slapping rubbed his salty, sticky cream all over my

Jesus Christ, the Lord answered my

prayers that night.

DRUMSTICKS

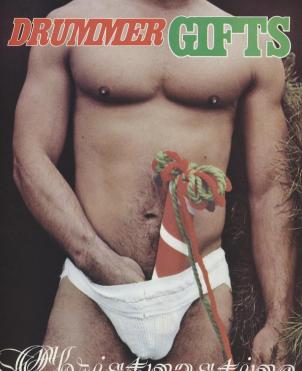


"Why is it that I always seem to attract all the wierdos around this place!"





"Love to ... your place or mine?"



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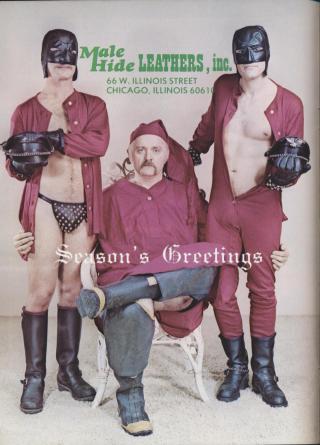
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Christmas in the Wungeon

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GIVE IT OR GET IT...

Male Hide Leathers/Chicago has created the first Black Leather Xmas stocking, either plain IS10 or studded IS13 to fill with naughty toys, like your favorite color hanky IS1), or a Gates of Hell cockring (S8), or even the ultimate ball restraint, The Twitch (S7). Lube, the natural lubricant, is a natural stocking stuffer. The famous Chicago store has a large selection of other stuffers, too.



gift for the magi

Shopping for the just-right gift during the rush of the holiday season is no joy. The crowds, the slush of melted snow, soning from overheated stores out to freezing winter temperatures is a thrill up with some of the damndest shit you ever saw. Ties and palamas, neither of which I don't wear, books I have already with the shop of the shopping or after shave men to the shop of the shape of th

No by a long sight.
So this Christmas I decided I was going to pick out the Just-light term for this possible of the long the lon

lover or a houseboy or a slave. That's my opinion and I am stuck with it. I hadn't been living alone all that long,

but that is a different story. A Washingly, a big freplace, well-equipped, if untiley, a big freplace, well-equipped, if untiley, a big freplace, well-equipped, if untiley, kitchen and a bed that they talk about in kitchen and a bed that they talk about in kitchen and a bed that they are a six posters with a canopy of beams and place and I needed another man to make holes and rings, My house is a man's place and I needed another man to make bed of one-night stands, and if they were in any position to criticise, of apologizing to them for the mess the place was in. If the control of the message is a six which we have a six which will be a

cided, shopping would be fun.

I hit the bars and the selection sucked.

Pretty little things standing around pooging. I even took a couple of them home
and all I got, other than a hot fuck, was
attitude. And bullshit about "limits" and
"not being in to" this or that. One of the
bestards I kicked out the front door
bestards I kicked out the front door
bestards I kicked out the front door
into the snow after him. How he got
them back on in that condition I don't
know, but he sure the hell took off in a
know, but he sure the hell took off in a

The gloryhole place weren't much better but at least you could gee the sonsabitches stripped down and in action. I supped a couple of them around one stripped according to the stripped stripped of the stripped couple of the stripped coupled the stripped coupled

"This one shows some promise," I thought as I put my boot on his cock and balls and mashed them on the floor. I pissed all over him and made him drink the rest. I yanked him up by his somewhat wet hair and turned him around to face the wall. He bent over and got my cock up his ass. He moaned, but couldn't do much more than that because I had my hand in his mouth. Man, this hunk

was servile!

Unfortunately, when I got him home he was also an asshole. He wanted to make love. If there is anything that I, and only I, will decide is when I want to make love to a guy. He got a lot rougher treatment from eafter I got him home than he did in the bar, especially after he comes on with the lovey-dovey bit.

"See you around," I said when he left.
Too bad, all in all a good fuck and a
grade-A piece of meat.





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THE CATALOGUE

up with some of the greatest dungeon furniture I have ever seen. He used to be. among other things, a welder and his ironwork is beyond description.

"Roger, " I say, "I need a slave, What's

get about a fifteen minute discourse on the last piece of ass he had and what all he did to it. Then he tells me about a new rack he is building and what he is going to do on it. Finally he gets to the point, more or less.

"Wes Clausen told me about a guy he wants to trade me for some leathers that I've outgrown." Roger is a little old to be outgrowing anything. Probably meant that he was putting on a little weight, or he is working out hot and heavy on the weights.

"Tell you what, I'll give Wes a call and see what he has got to offer."

Good old Wes, whoever he is, must have come up with something or someone because it was only a day or two I heard from Roger-the-dodger again. Roger went through a song and dance about some "righteous" grass he had come across. Are they calling it 'righteous' again? He went through that discourse then gave me a rundown on his new rack, which was finished and had, on it at this very moment, Wes' former slave. I took it that the outgrown leathers fit Wes well enough to make the trade. "Yeah, hey, you said you were in-terested in taking on a new slave, didn't

Roger, you devil, you know damned well that was why I called you the other night. I said that I still thought I was and how was this guy as a piece of property?
"Not bad," says Roger, warming up
to the subject. "He has had some pretty good training. I polished him up a little today, of course, but with some proper

treatment he could be a really good "What's wrong with him?" "Nothing, asshole. I just don't like all that hair so I shaved him a little is all. He hasn't been ringed or branded or anything yet. I haven't done anything to him

that won't grow back.' "When do I see him, Roger, old pal?"
"Come on over." A laugh, "He ain't

going anywhere." was at Roger's door within the hour. I walked into a living room in worse condition than mine, down a hall covered with various impliments of tortures and centerfolds from Drummer. Into the darkest, blackest bedroom in the annals of modern history. God, I'd hate to wake up in the morning in this room. From the looks of it, some of those who have enjoyed its hospitality probably doubted whether or not they would wake up.

We went into an even blacker room, the only illumination in which was a couple of candles in red glasses and a small fire in a metal fireplace. As my eyes grew more accustomed to the dismal light, I saw a young man strapped to a heavy wood and metal apparatus that seemed to be freestanding. Walking over to the figure I examined the merchandise, Roger had shaved him from head to foot, His head, chest, crotch and whatever else was as smooth as the day he was born. The effect was that of a large muscular weinie.

His eyes were averted toward the floor, as a good slave's should. I took his large ball sac in my hand and squeezed He grimaced and said nothing, I twisted the sac and squeezed. He gasped. "What do you say when your master does that, boy?" I demanded.

'Thank you, Sir.'

Roger released the slave from the apparatus. He fell to his knees, head down on his thighs. Good attitude, I had to admit. Roger, like the salesman he is, began to point out the slave's features in case I missed any of them.

"Look at that ass, man. Not virgin, o'course, but still pretty tight." The guy raised his ass in case we wanted to in-spect it. "Look at them arms. He can do plenty of hard work. You got a place for him to work out?" "Yeah. A big back yard that needs

cleaning up bad Plenty of privacy for him to work

naked and in chains, just like indoors?" I thought of the thrill my neighbors would have at such a sight, "Sure," "Hey, asshole, clean the man's boots while you're down there."

The merchandise began slobbering over my boots like his life depended on it. For his labor he got a crack across his non-virgin ass with a studded belt, courtesy of the used-slave salesman. He gave his efforts even more enthusiasm 'You think you can use him?

Use him? Hell, this hundred and sixty the answer to anybody's wildest fantasy. But Roger rambled on on the subject's background. It seems the guy was almost college graduate, ready to enter graduate school to become a professional of some sort, when he found an owner. After a semester of being chained up at night and not being allowed out of the house except for the half hour each way to and from school, he accepted the fact that this was the life he was cut out for. The owner used him as a mascot for a motorcycle club he belonged to, so his slave had enjoyed plenty of heavy and frequent workouts, each rougher than the last. Finally the owner got drummed out of the club for some reason or another and the group kept the slave. He eventually became the property of the head of the group and it was from this owner that Roger obtained him. With use like that it was no wonder that the guy did anything he was told without question. Compared with what he had been through, what was happening to him now was a piece of

cake.

Roger gave me the arithmetic for the transfer of ownership and it was a bargain. But for some reason I hesitated The whole discussion was held in front of the slave, naturally. It doesn't hurt to let him know what he is worth. And if the deal is turned down, it tells him he had better shape up for the next buyer.

I told Roger I would call him in a day or so, using the holidays as an excuse for procrastination. Hell, the holidays were the main reason I wanted the kid's ass under my roof and in or under my bed. However something made me hold back and I gave the slave a medium punch in the belly as I walked out. I remembered as I got home that I didn't even find out the kid's name, assuming he had one. But as I lay in bed thinking about the guy and the scene, I got hard as hell and had to beat off to get to sleep. As I shot I made a mental note to call Roger in the morning and take delivery of my Christmas present

However the next day I did nothing of the sort. On the way home I stopped by the Greyhound bus station to pick up an express package from back home. After waiting even longer than usual to get waited on or find someone who had sense enough to find the package, I stormed out of the station and right smack into a young guy that was going in. He had a back pack on, which he fell on when I knocked him over. To add to his predicament, I dropped the package on top of him. He looked up at me with clear blue eyes that showed surprise, astonishment and something else. I couldn't quite make it out. He simply lay there with my package across his middle, not saving a word. I decided not

So he did. "I'm sorry, mister," still laying there like waiting for permission to get up.

"Get up," I said and he did that too, handing me my parcel. "I hope it isn't broken.Sir.'

I felt the area on him that the package had landed, "I hope nothing is broken there either," although there was a rather large and growing lump as I held my hands on the area.

He neither backed away or pushed my hand back, just stood looking at me with those goddamn blue eves

What's your hurry, kid?" I asked. "My bus is leaving in a few minutes, sir."

"Where you going?"

"To my step-father's for Christmas.

"That your idea of fun?" He didn't know how to take that. But he added that there were several buses later he could catch, as if asking permission, Hell I took him home. He stated that he had hitched several rides to get into the city in order to take a bus. Christ, how far out in the sticks had he come from, this farm boy with the square hands and heavy forearms. Looked like he was used to hard work. He asked if he could shower when we got to the house. We walked in and I told him where it was,

When he walked out of the bathroom he found that all his clothing and knapsack was gone. He looked around but said nothing, just standing with his arms at his side, nude and all squeaky clean. His blondish hair was in small wet ringlets and there was still a little water running down the center of his back.

"You want to shave, kid?" "If you think I should." - Hesita-

"Yeah," I reached back to the same area I had rubbed in front of the bus station which had made that Salvation Army Santa Claus at the front door stare so. I grabbed a handful of blondish pubic "Get rid of this, too." hair.

He hesitated a minute, then under-stood. I handed him an old fashioned double-edged razor I keep around for just that purpose. When he came out of the can the next time, he was smooth as a baby. I told him to assume the position and he knew what I was talking about because he graphed his ankles and presented his ass to me. His ass got shaved right on the spot but this time I did the

I put some heavy marine shackles on him and told him to start fixing us something to eat. And he did a pretty good job considering the condition of and the stock in the kitchen. He served me my supper then I let him eat his at my feet. He cleaned up the kitchen better than it has been for a long time. When he was finished, he came over to me, knelt down on his knees and put his head in my lap.
The reflection of the fire I had built in the fireplace reflected on the metal cuffs around his wrists and ankles. I grabbed his right tit. A little work on those and they'd be just right for some heavythey'd be just right for some heavy-duty gold rings, a good Christmas pre-sent for him. His big prick stood straight out and had most of the evening, but he had made no effort to touch it. He seemed to instinctly know what was expected of him. He held on to my lef like a stray cat, starved for affection. He buried his face in my crotch.

"You ready to be my boy?" I said gruffly.

He looked up and nodded. .

"You know how to say, 'yes, Sir' when you're spoken to, boy?" The voice was quiet but determined "Yes, Sir."

"You know what I'm going to give you for Christmas, boy?" He looked up

again questioningly, I put the new leather collar around his neck and fastened the lock, I never thought I would let anvone ever wear that lock again, I unfastened one of the shackles around his ankle and fastened it around my own. Together we walked to the bedroom and stood at the bed. He looked it over and lowered his eyes. "Kneel down and say your prayers. That's right, but raise that ass up." I took a strap from the bedpost and whipped his smooth butt while he continued in a prayerful position. He never flin-

So that is how he spent Christmas eve, chained to me and with my cock up his ass all night. The next day I presented him with the rings for those beautiful tits and tied him to the bedposts while I installed them, I installed a bigger one somewhere else, too, so he won't be doing any fucking of farm girls, or any-body else for that matter. We call the shackles "his pajamas" and after dinner he gets them on for the night, says his prayers, accompanied by the belt and sleeps lovingly in my arms,

As I was attaching all his permanent jewelry, he said sadly that he had nothing for a gift for me, looked at the humpy tanned body

laying there stretched out spreadeagled and straining, I lifted up the bound balls and slipped my fingers into what had been a virgin ass. He moaned and looked at me adoringly. And he was worried about having nothing to give me

"Don't worry about it, kid," I said to the gift that keeps on giving.





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Christmastime

Hanging Tree Ranch (S6). But the reproductions (center) of infamous 17th century style fetters will make sure your Xmas slave stays in one place, from Fetters/New York (POR). Hanging Tree Ranch keeps the family jewels warm, and contained, in their leather jock strap (S17).









Bottom row. The Leathermaker/Los Angeles designed this puzzle slave collar with ring chain (\$18) and a western-cut vest (\$90). Their custom chaps start at \$185.

The sounds of Fistgoodbody's Traveling Torture Show (87), Sleeze Attack (88), or The National March on Washington For Lesbian and Gay Rights (88) are available from The Studstore/San Francisco. The Stud Mug, an oversized man-sized drinking vessel (\$15) is an

Mistmas Mungeon









GIVE IT OR GETTING



wee from top: The Uncut Symbol from iss Orderon comes in 14k gold (595); the Cell Steal bead in [523] from either The Cell Steal bead in [523] from either The issue state of the steal steal steal steal is gitzanteed to make a man's tit thin of the sparticular piece of body jewelf of the sparticular piece of body jewelf one of the sparticular piece the sparticular piec



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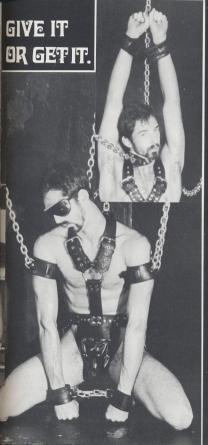
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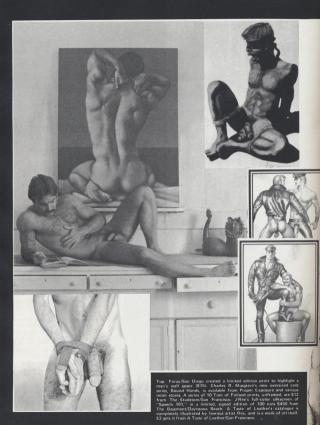
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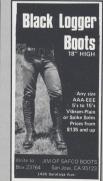
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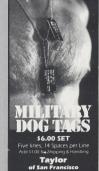
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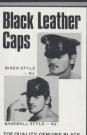
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By LARRY TOWNSEND



ANY ATTEMPT TO MOVE WAS ABSOLUTE MISERY! Charlie had tied me down on my belly, with the full weight of my chest pressing upon my nipples. Now did glee Into this? I kept asking myself. The amyl and whatever other drugs the skilled and used on me had left a fearsome throbbing in skilled and the skilled

Slowly, as my brain began to function again, I became aware that my teats were more than merely sore. A pair of pins had been driven through each of them, forming an "X" on either side. There was no way to roll one way or the other to relieve the agony of contact, and the more I tried the worse I made it. The realization that Charlie had mutilated me this way only intensified my fear to near-panic proportions. Terror formed a cold pool at the back of my neck and projected its fingers in

tingling, freezing waves along my spine.

I finally managed to grasp the wooden supports against which Charlie had strapped my hands. Only by the greatest effort could I raise my torso high enough to break the painful contact. But I couldn't hold the posture very long; both arms began to tremble as my fingers slid along the vertical twoby-fours. There was little leeway for my hands to maneuver, and the leather bound tightly about my wrists, cutting off the circulation. In the end, I dropped back against the leather

I must have groaned, or maybe cried out in pain. Everything seemed suddenly out of focus, with the fog of disbelief rolling in to block my senses. I could not be sure exactly what happened for several seconds. Eventually it was lim's voice that called me back from the distant reaches of mental voice that called me back from the distant reaches of mental retreat... a harsh command through the drifting, protective clouds. I heard it, recognized it, and could almost use the delirium draw saide its curtains. I was aware of the deep red glow from the ceiling light, felt the pain again in its full intensity. "Don't fight it," he told me softly. "Lie still." I forced myself to stay in place, trying to ignore the spikes of pain. When I had lifted my head for those final we seconds of pain. When I had lifted my head for those final we seconds.

I had been able to see the outline of Jim's body. He was lying

on his side, facing me, atop a tangle of ropes and chains.

"Are you okay?" I asked at length.
"I'm alive," he mutterd, "Listen, while we've got the chance... Charlie put handcuffs on me, and there's a flock of keys hidden around the room. If you get a chance, grab one of them" He then proceeded to enumerate the locations, and I tried to picture each of them. Even this moderate degree of concentration was almost beyond me, but I managed to fix

"Don't you have any idea what this is all about?" I asked. "I mean, just plain burglars aren't going to go through all

"They . . . must be . . . looking for something . . . more than just the usual valuables," Jim replied.
"And Bert?" I asked. "Why did he leave? When's he coming back?" I retained a vague hope my uncle might be due to return, although Jim's answer was about what I expected.

"Not much chance of his coming home right away Jim. "I don't know the whole story. You know how Bert is ... never tells you more than he thinks you need to know. Alfred telephoned him because there's something wrong at the castle. I'm not sure just what, but Bert decided to leave right away. His club sends contributions, you know, regular amounts to keep the place from being closed down or sold. It's all done on the Q.T., through one of the historical so-cieties . . . keeps Alfred employed there as caretaker and ensures our people can always get in to use the . . . facilities.'

I moaned in answer. I'd moved again and the agony from the pins gripped like a black vise about my senses, I tried to rise above it by picturing the castle, I forced my mind to concentrate on the games we'd played in the dungeon formed mental images of the racks and the pit . all the medieval trappings and genuine equipment which had com-prised the original torture chamber. I kept trying to imagine what might have happened to compel my uncle's going there but the possibilities seemed limitless . . . none of them logical or practical enough to hold my interest against the physical distractions. In the end, I surrendered to another flood of pain-dominated despair, almost weeping as my body wavered at the very brink of endurance. More than this, my bladder seemed suddenly to swell, and I had to take a leak so badly it was all I could do to hold it back. Although my cock hung free, unobstructed, through the opening where my ass had been before, I couldn't bring myself to simply piss all over the floor. Again, this was totally illogical, as the floor of my uncle's blackroom had been the recipient of more than one such deluge. Still, I couldn't do it . . . not for nearly another hour, by which time I had no choice. I let go with a feeling of blessed, guilt-ridden relief. Before I finished I heard Jim "Am I flooding you?" I whispered.
"Just a little," he answered. "Don't let it bother you: I've

had to do worse myself.

I realized that I was soon going to have problems in that department as well; but for the moment I had satisfied the most urgent need. I was trying to figure some connection between Bert's departure and the arrival of the thugs . . . had about decided it must be coincidence, when I heard footsteps outside the door. For the briefest split second of time I hoped it might be someone come to rescue us; but the scraping sounds were followed by the rumble of decidedly cockney voices and several spurts of sneering laughter. The door behind me opened abruptly, banging loudly against the wall as the voices seemed to burst across my naked, unprotected backside.

"Smells like a bloody shit-house!" I couldn't see them without twisting around, and at the moment I didn't have the strength to move. With the fading of hope, my energies seemed to drain away. It had been one of Charlie's companions who spoke, and for some perverse reason I was afraid that Charlie himself might not have re-

turned. Why I should have expended any positive thoughts on him, I find difficult to explain. I suppose it may have been because he was more of a known quantity, or seemed so in comparison to the others, I knew he had engaged in some sort of S&M activities with Bert, and I presumed he must have taken some degree of pleasure in them . . . at least tolerated them to achieve his purpose of casing the house. He had also been satisfying some inner cravings in his previous use of me, and crude as his abuse had been I guess I subconsciously detected some glimmer of skill or understanding. Tenuous as such reasoning may have been, it was the only

hope I had. Naked, bound down tightly on my belly, writhing in pain from the steel pins in my flesh, I had no alternative salvation. Thus, when I heard Charlie answer his companion. I experienced a flush of relief. It was foolish, of course, clutching for a straw, I was soon made to realize just how foolish,

and just how flimsy that straw really was.

For several minutes, the two of them stood in the doorway, speaking in muttered tones that only half registered in my mind. I was impatient for them to do whatever they had come for, hoping above all else that Charlie would take those damned pins out of my nipples. I heard the other man ask something about "getting Jimmy-boy to tell them."

"Not yet," Charlie replied. "Only if we can't make it our-

selves."

I didn't know what they were talking about, and in my impatience I didn't try to interpret it. I was awaiting whatever use they intended to make of me, feeling an involuntary expectancy through my loins. Negative as the entire situation had to be, its sexual adjuncts were not to be denied . . . at least not subconsciously, as these affected my physical responses. Even the pain in my teats seemed to lessen, as if the anticipation of impending interaction could suspend the exquisite agony.

They spent a couple of minutes discussing us, making remarks which I would have taken as part of the game under other circumstances . . . deliberately insulting cracks intended to humiliate an M. To Charlie, perhaps they were; from his companion, I wasn't sure. "Let the Yank do the dirty work,"

said the other man at length. Charlie mumbled his agreement, and I felt the bonds come loose on my feet. I started to move then, but a belt came

down hard across my ass. 'When I tell yer ter move, yer move!" Charlie snarled.

I held in place as he unstrapped my hands. I made no resisting motion, even when his repositioning of my torso dropped the weight more solidly onto the needles. I managed to suppress the groans of misery, gritting my teeth as Charlie abruptly took hold of one arm and flipped me onto my back. I was free for the moment; fleetingly, the thought of fighting them fluttered through my mind . . . died before my muscles could respond to the possibility. My arms and legs were still numb from their long confinement - besides which, the pair of thugs totaled at least three times my weight. Charlie seized my hands and brought them together in front of me. His companion snapped handcuffs onto them - heavy, oldfashioned irons with an eight or nine inch chain connecting the wrist pieces

"Get up!" Charlie commanded. His voice was deceptively soft, but his hands gripped roughly beneath my shoulders as he hefted me off the padded surface.

I managed to stand, swaving a little and feeling a drunken rush of blood through my brain, blackening my senses and threatening to knock me into the dark curtain that floated just before my eyes. Charlie bumped his knee against my thigh, shoving me a step sideways as the black curtain kent dropping down to half obscure my vision, gradually, rising, falling back again . . . a little less each time until my body made the necessary adjustments. By then he'd buckled a leather collar about my neck. He attached a long, light chain to this and tossed the loose end to his companion, "Show im

wot ter do," said Charlie in a sneering tone.

The other skinhead yanked at my lead, almost making me fall. "Come on!" he said. Naked, my hands cuffed in front of me, I was led through the black hall to the broom closet. There I was commanded to get some rags and a mop, then to fill a bucket with warm soapy water. The man led me back and ordered me to clean the floor of the blackroom. One of them always held my chain, and I was subjected to a series of kicks and verbal insults while I worked. Both skinheads wore jeans and heavy work boots. Charlie's blue denim shirt was dirty and one of the arms was ripped at the shoulder. His companion had shrugged off a navy P-jacket leaving just a black, short-sleeved T-shirt on his upper body. But of the two, it was Charlie who radiated an aura of animal sexuality. His pants seemed to cling to his hips and thighs; even his tattered workshirt suggested a purposeful display of muscular potential. As I scrubbed the black-painted boards, I though abstractly of the old Levi ads . . . the neatly dressed workmen versus the job-slob . . . man, not the clothes . . . what next? When I finish this, what's going to happen?

I kept moving, working on the area they directed me to by the constant pulling on my leash. I was afraid . . . sorely afraid, and there was no way to deny my fear. Yet beneath it all there was also a glimmer of sensual excitement. I tried not to think about it, to ignore the aspect of emotional com-plexity. I might be killed or maimed before they finished with me. But this knowledge still failed to completely dispel the occasional tremors which coursed my loins. I labored a long time on the floor, long enough to be able to conceive and discard a goodly number of impractical ideas. I was seeking escape within my own mind, I realized. It was the edge of

madness, the same realm into which a psychotic was able to slamming the heavy mental portals behind him to

baffle his tormentors' pursuit. Charlie jerked on the chain, making me fall against the floor where I struck the pail and splashed some of the water onto the area I had just wiped dry. "Yer dawdlin'," he growled.

"Finish up; finish up!

As I scooped the puddle into a cloth I looked across at lim, who stared at me in seeming sightlessness. He was sitting in a corner, and I could see that Charlie had locked a set of fetters onto his ankles in addition to the cuffs which still bound his wrists in back of him. Because my friend was facing me I was unable to see what kind of irons they'd used to secure his hands . . . wondered if they'd exchanged his manacles for the older type they'd placed on me. I wondered if the key would fit, assuming I was given the chance to take

I had finished the clean-up and looked expectantly at Charlie. He grinned crookedly and whispered something to his companion. The other skinhead laughed and I felt my lead tighten, forcing me to stand again. When I glanced about, I saw that Charlie had taken hold of the end and it was he who led me back to the broom closet. He supervised my replacing of the materials. Surprisingly, he told me to wring out the rags and fold them, to empty the bucket and rinse it clean. Whatever his facade of pretense in front of his fellows, he adhered to a certain standard of role-playing. I finished my chores and stood facing the sink, afraid to turn around. Charlie was silent for several seconds, giving me the impression that he may have been planning his next move. He was uncertain, I realized. He wants to play, but he's afraid what his friend will think. Dirty bastard!

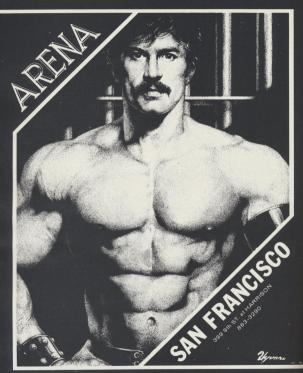
"Fill the bucket," he said abruptly. "Hot water . . . hot I obeyed, running the tap until steamy mist obscured the

level inside the pail. Charlie stopped me when it felt about half full. "Carry it back," he said sharply. When we returned to the blackroom, Jim was sitting on the edge of the rack where I had been bound. He had been freed of his fetters, except for the cuffs which still secured his hands behind him. I caught a quick glimpse of them, just enough to note they were of more recent vintage than mine. Charlie's companion stood in front of my fellow captive, one blue-clad leg touching Jim's naked knee. The skinhead held a bottle of Vert's vintage champagne in one hand, periodically forcing him to drink from it. "Thought a bit'a bubbly might keep 'em going," he said.

Charlie grunted and shoved his hand against the center of my back. "Put the bucket down," he told me.
"Look, what are you guys...?" I got no further. It had been my first attempted protest and it was abruptly stilled. Charlie belted me on the back of my head and knocked me into the collection of gear that hung on the wall. I stayed exactly where I was, just pushing myself back enough to stand. I didn't try to say any more. I could hear them pouring the wine into Jim, this activity punctuated by an occasional moan or sigh. I chanced a fleeting glance over my shoulder, saw that neither of them was looking at me. In that split second, I located one of Bert's keys and snatched it from its hiding place, gripped it tightly in the palm of one hand. had all but forgotten about the needles through my teats until one side of my chest had struck the wall and the fierce pain had returned. I used my momentary respite to pull them out. dropped them onto the floor, hoping neither Charlie nor his friend would notice. I dabbed with my thumb to stop the trickle of blood down one side of my ribcage, unable to sup-

I heard them moving Jim, the clink of chains and the squeak of leather urging me to turn and look. I knew better, and I controlled the impulse until a warm, heavy hand dropped onto my shoulder. It was my turn. My fellow captive had been placed beside a low bench, face down on the floor. Chains had been set about his neck and ankles, these locked to rings above and below his body. His wrists were still pin-ioned as they had been: behind him in handcuffs. I saw the criss-cross marks on his back, the darkening bruises that covered the small, almost delicate globes of his ass. Laughing, Charlie shoved me back onto the rack. This time he pulled my





The above "Number One Man" poster is available on 23 by 28 inch slick poster stock with or without the Arena logo as follows: with the logo S8 including postage and handling; without the logo, signed and numbered by the artist, limited edition of 100 copies for 525 including postage and handling. California residents add 6% sales tax. Send money order to: "Number One Man," c/o The Arena of San Francisco, Cal 939 9th St., San Francisco, Cal 940 postage and postage and handling California.

hands upward and quickly fastened them to one of the struts which had previously supported my feet. He bound my ankles to the upper end, then worked the lever to cant the board. I was secured, face down, as before, but with the oblique angle

were two skinheads were sniggering, and I heard one of them move the bucket. I remained uncertain for only a moment longer. Strong hands grasped my buttocks, yanked them to leither side and a sudden searing pain made me cry out. A plastic nozzle had been plunged into my ass and before the burning agony subsided I felt warm, thigling fingers seeping into my guts. I had seen the enema equipment in the room before, and I knew it could be part of the game. But I di never the seen that the properties of the properti

I was begging them to stop, struggling and twisting, trying to look around as I sought to dislodge the tube. I could see Charlie holding a funnet while his companion tipped the buck, sloshing water into the opening, dribbling it across the upper end of the rack. Warm liquid trickled down my legs, seeped between the leather and my midsection. An uncom-seeped between the leather and my midsection. An uncom-wast't anything I could building inside my gut, but there was the structure of the seeper seeper was the seeper of sexuality. I will be seen of sexuality ... stronger now, as the pressure built against my organs. I could hear Charlie instructing his friend, laughing with him

and making remarks about "cleaning me out for him."
They kept forcing the water into me, gallons it seemed, though the bucket must have held only two or three quarts; most of that was slopped about the floor and over the straining contours of my ass. When the bucket was empty I could stifl feel the puddles underneath me, the cooling pool that lay with the trench along my spine. I was painfully full, experience that the property of the propert

them out, wondering if they had some motive beyond the pleasure my degradation gave them. With an effort to avoid a further punishment, I clamped my buttocks tight together, closed my sphincter like a fist and allowed the rest of my body to hang limply in the bonds. The tube had been yanked from my ass, and I heard them drop the bucket onto the floor. The rack dropped suddenly back to its horizontal position.

Charile started unbuckling my feet l guess it was Charile. I didn't look, even when his or the other's hands gripped against my calves. It was all I could do not to void myself, but I was sure they would do something drastic if I acted without permission. Charlie came around and loosened the chain which bound my handcuffs to the wooden struct.

"Yer gonna stand up now," he told me. His tone was smooth, nasty-nice to match the smirking girin on his face. "Yer gonna stand up, and yer not ter let it out. Yer know wot!" appen if yer let it out?" He grinned more broadly and clapped his broad, flat hand against my ass. His fingers bit into the flesh, stayed there as he squeezed one cheek. hard, harder until he forced a groan to pass between my tight-clenched jaws.

Once I was standing, Charlie kicked at my feet to force my legs apart. The leather colin was still around my neck, and he fastened this to a chain which dangled from the ceiling. I started to move my feet as the upward pull made me gag and gasp for breath, but he struck me again and commanded me not to move. My wrists were still cuffed together in front, and I still retained the key in the palm of non-hand. With my head polled into its awkward posture, I could barley discern line in the manner of the me to the

Charle's companion had procured a bottle of brandy from my uncle's cellar. He took a deep pull at this and passed it to the other. Charlie swilled down several mouthfuls and gave the container back. Then he hunkered down beside jim, unfastening him from whatever restraints remained to hold him on the floor. The second skinhead bent down to help and between them they vanked jim to his feet, held him upright facing me. My friend was weak from the continuous abuse and conflict.

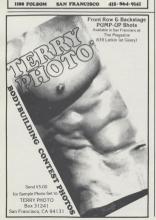






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ment. He was starved and more than a little drunk. At first his eyes were glassy and unfocused, his handsome face dis-torted and swollen. Yet even in his present condition, his tight little body seemed to radiate a lithe, muscular strength. Eventually, he forced himself to stand erect, though the alcohol they'd forced down his throat was blunting his sense of balance. Gradually his eyes returned to life and he looked into my face with grim intensity.

One of the skinheads shoved him against me, forcing our naked chests and groins to press and rub together. Charlie seized the backs of both our heads and drove our mouths together, held us there until I could taste the salty residue of

sweat and blood on my companion's lips.

"Kiss "im." Charlie muttered. "Kiss "im right!" He pressed our mouths more firmly against one another. My teeth were cutting into my lips and lim's nose was pressed almost flat by my cheekbone. I opened my jaws, joining with Jim as Charlie twisted us enough to match the contours of our lips. Without thinking, my tongue plunged into him and an involuntary surge of desire flooded my groin. The pressing fullness within my guts assumed a positive warmth, despite the almost painful effort to retain it.

"Show us how you do it." Charlie taunted us. He stepped behind Iim and drove down the full weight of his hands and arms upon the smaller man's shoulders. I'm seemed to resist for a moment, his tongue curling against mine before our hold was broken and he sank slowly to his knees. Charlie lunged forward with his groin, driving Jim's head into me and flattening his face against the patch of blond. "Suck 'im!" Charlie said sharply. "Suck 'im, and if 'e lets the water out, yer'll

lick it up!

The other skinhead positioned himself to my left; Charlie moved back to the right. Jim and I seemed to be surrounded by them, naked and helpless between the two powerfully built thugs who continued to taunt us for committing the act they forced upon us. I was unable to look at Jim, because the leather collar pulled taut if I tried to move my head. I could feel his lips as they gingerly caressed the tip of my cock and I responded with an uncontrollable thrill as the warmth of his mouth enclosed me. My insides strained against the demand to release the dreadful pressure, and a trickle of warmth gozed down the inside of my thigh, I hoped Charlie wouldn't see it, and for several seconds it seemed he hadn't. But he must have been watching for just this sign of disobedience. I felt the sharp sting of his crop between my shoulderblades, forcing the whole scene into a sudden fleeting

After that, everything dissolved into a nightmare confusion. I guess I must have been dizzy from lack of sleep, maybe in a state of partial shock at all the unexpected horror. My head was starting to ache again, and the band about my neck was restricting the flow of blood to create a throbbing whisper at either temple. I had ceased trying to understand what Charlie did, or to form any reasoned conclusion to explain him. was choking and gasping for breath, and my belly muscles trembled with the effort of holding the water in place. Charlie's syncopated blows continued to score my naked skin, while despite all these negative stimuli I felt my cock continue rising in response to Jim's enforced attentions.

I heard the pair of skinheads making fun of me for getting hard, Charlie's sarcastic quip about "Sickey liking what hap-pened to him." I heard one of them land a very heavy blow across Jim's back; he groaned and fell heavily against me. The motion drove my cock all the way into him, while the impact of his body upset my balance and I hung for several seconds with almost all of my weight suspended by the collar, Fortunately the chain was connected at the side and the resultant constriction was not directly against my windpipe. Still, it partially throttled me and continued to restrict the circulation until my vision blurred and I could feel my face growing dark. Another trace of water ran warmly down between my

One of the skinheads struck me solidly across the ass with the flat of a belt, renewing the unwanted flood of passions within me. A desperate surge of arousal caused both balls to tighten against the base of my cock and even the strangling constriction around my neck became a source of unwilling excitement. I was a prisoner in a very real, potentially fatal situation, an M subjected to gross humiliation and punishment which was neither simulated nor in any sense a game. My fear was genuine, and the possibility of being murdered in the course of this action hung like a specter of doom against the background of heavy sensuality. My physical responses were positive, nonetheless; had I tried, I could not have

explained it lim's lips were possessing me with a fury that evidenced some inexplicable, counterpart to my own disordered rethroat. He twisted his head from side to side and rolled his tongue against the pulsing underside, I trembled in the tightening web of desire, knowing I was close. Momentarily giving in to a blind rush of lust that obliterated any awareness of danger or the other fearsome circumstances. What little energy I was able to consciously muster I directed to keeping the water inside me. I had purposely been holding my hands against my midsection, trying not to touch or otherwise interfere with Jim. Now, my fingers twisted against themselves and the need to grasp him became too great. I was on the verge of climax, and without considering what I did I seized his head, tangled all but one finger in his hair, Retaining just enough judgement to know I must keep hold of the key. I responded to his warmth and my own arousal. I shoved him completely onto me, felt my cock plunge through phlegm slick membranes, into the core of heat where I erupted in mindless, demanding lust,

Jim sugged and strangled, strained against my grasp until.] tel him go. I was ashamed, then, that I should have surendered this final whit of self-respect. Jim seemed to drop away, though I couldn't see him. As his Jips slid down the length of my shaft they drew my final stream behind them. I willed into him, cried out in the combined expression of willed into him, cried out in the combined expression of the combined expression of the combined expression of the complex of the compl

from the pair of skinheads.

"E likes it!" Charlie snorted. "Bloody fuckin' queer!" He struck me hard across the ass, drew back his arm and let me have the flattened strap again. His blows fell harder and faster, climbing higher on my back, then dropping to the center of my thighs. Before he finished he seemed to have worked himself into a frenzy, whipping me to alleviate some demon within his own soul.

I was twisting about and trying to escape him, flinching before the anticipated stroke which never landed precisely where I thought it would, nor timed to the expected rhythm. I had turned completely around in my futile attempts to lessen his punishment, all the while maintaining the now-automatic pinch of sphincter muscless. I heard Jim fall to the floor and I could feel some part of his body touching my etc. Abruptly, the second skinhead shouted at Charlie: "Es

dead! I thing 'e's dead!"

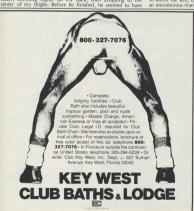
Charlie's leather belt clattered to the floor and the two of them were on their knees next to Jim. The dammed collar kept me from being abe to see, and I nearly hanged myself each and the see that th

" 'E ain't dead!" said Charlie with a deprecating tone. He stood and grinned at me. "No thanks to 'is mate, 'ere," he added.

The two of them started to argue then, drawing back out of earshot while they whispered in harsh, almost angry tones. The other man was trying to convince Charlie to ask something of Jim, but I wasn't able to hear what it was.

thing of Jim, but I wasn't able to hear what it was.
"We can wait," Charlie insisted. "I don't see no reason ter
kill 'em!"

sul erm older't see exactly where they were, because the collawas even lighter now, after my livisting attempt to get away from Charlie, I nudged Jim with my toe, trying to ascertain't he was conscious, His flesh was wrim, but that was all could tell for sure. Taking the chance that he would be alert enough to respond, I dropped the key onto what I hoped was his body. I held my breath, waiting for one of the skinheads to should at me, Nothing happened, and I couldn't be sure if the should also that the sure of the sure of the sure of the total control of the sure of the sure of the sure of the total control of the sure o





I heard a cork pop loose from a bottle, and a sudden burst of laughter as the skinheads imbibed the contents. They had settled their dispute, and apparently Charlie had prevailed. There was no immediate attempt to question either of us. It was becoming a monumental effort to hold myself so that I didn't strangle on the collar, while forcing my bowels to sustain the painful pressure. Charlie's friend added to the discomfort by staggering up to me and shoving his bottle between my lips. My vision was too distorted by then to see the label, but I presumed it was more champagne until he upended the container and I felt the fiery sting of whiskey against the raw tissues of my throat. I tried to swallow, but the fumes clogged my nasal passages. The liquid fire was bubbling out through my nose, burning my eyes and dribbling down the front of my naked hody. I tried to shove him off with my hands, but I might as well have pressed against a solid wall, I succeeded only in knocking myself off balance, which brought the noose more tightly around my neck.

The skinhead kept pouring liquor into me, thoroughly enioving my awkward helplessness as I tried to keep from blacking out. Little spurts of warmth were jetting out of me, soaking the insides of my legs. There wasn't anything I could do to stop it. I was afraid he'd really make it impossible for me to breathe, and at the moment that was the more important consideration. The pressure was heavier than ever against my prostate; and adding its discordant sensation to all the rest, I could feel my cock brushing limply across the rough surface of the skinhead's jeans. The man was so thoroughly enjoying my misery, I don't think he gave a second's thought to the effect his usage was having on my ability to obey Charlie's command. I was losing more water by the moment, and I

was beginning to feel the internal heat from the booze I was being forced to swallow.

Charlie stepped in just moments before I would surely have been unconscious. I remember his freeing me from the overhead chain and forcing me to kneel. He fastened a leash to the collar and forced me to crawl through the hallway and into a bathroom a few feet down the corridor. He taunted me as I sat there, allowing the liquid to flood out of me, The whiskey was taking greater possession of me by the moment, and I became so incoherent I don't really recall his returning me to the blackroom. I know he hound me across one of the low benches so I was forced to stay on my knees. My hands had been repositioned behind me, and my head was almost touching the floor as they turned my backside upward, higher than the rest of me.

One of them used the belt on me again; either Charlie or his friend, I'm not sure which. But I was soundly whipped, finally forced to take them both before they left. I never actually passed out, which might have been a merciful blessing. Instead. I retained a semi-conscious state and a distorted remembrance of everything that happened, lim was still on the floor, and I know I tried to focus my eyes to see if the key was anywhere in sight. As best I could tell, it wasn't I couldn't even be sure when the pair of skinheads left, though it must have been a good half hour after that before I dared call out

He may have been asleep, but after I spoke his name a couple of times he answered me. I could hear him moving, the brushing sound of his body against the floor, the clink of

chains as he struggled to roll onto his side.

"The key," I whispered hoarsely. "Did you get it?" He only grunted in reply, but my vision had cleared enough that I could see him straining to maneuver his hands. After a seemingly interminable effort, one of the cuffs clicked open. A few moments later he was unbuckling my restraints. When I was free, I sat on the bench, holding my head with both hands, trying to clear my mind. "At least they don't intend to murder us." I mumbled

"At least . . . not yet," Jim answered. He sat down beside me, both of us trying to order our thoughts and to regain some form of control over our bodies. Finally Jim started to laugh, "We are a pair!" he said. He almost choked on the words, because his hysterical mirth was completely out of con-trol. "Naked as a pair of jaybirds, and . . . well, neither of us smells very good

"Do you have any idea what time it is?" I asked suddenly.

"Do you have a date or something? "I mean Charlie, Is it a time he'll be alone, do you think?"
"Let's find out," said Jim. (Continued Next Issu (Continued Next Issue)



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ARIZUNA, W.m., 30, 5'9", 150 lbs., 8" athletic, weightlifter, versatile: WS, toys, V/A, Greek, I/o, etc. Sexs men with similar interests. No sext, fem., fat. Photo, letter re-quested. Will travel. Box 879. weightlifter, versatile

PHOENIX. S, 6'2", 185 lbs., 57 wants total slave for B&D, W/S, FF discipline and humiliation. You will You will serve my guests. No dopers, thieves,

ARKANSAS

Get on your knees and write to this dominant Master, 6'2". 185 lbs. uncut; if you are white, masculine, not overweight. Interested in shaving your crotch, pouring piss g your crotch, pouring piss your slave throat, bondage, oown your slave throat, bondage, getting the discipline from you I demand, fist-fucking, and letting you know who's boss. Am experienced, respectful of limits, and imaginative. You should include phone number and when you are available. Box

CALIFORNIA WHIPPED ASS IS BETTER

Cabin boy type available for hot hard Cabin boy type available for hot hard who and prong duty. W/m, 50. No \$, no limits. Will report to your quarters with uniform, toys. Seeman Ken, 495 Ellis St. No. 3351, San Fran-tisco, CA 94102.

A RODYBUILDER L.A. BODYBUILDER 510", 195 contest-type build, seeks other very muscular dudes for wild tims. Send photo! Occupant No. 117, 1738 N. Canyon Drive, Holly-wood, CA 90028.

WANTED!
Slave to receive MILD B&D, torture, from former high school educator.
Any age, any size ok. German &

Swed sh types desired! Wrestlers ok

WRESTLING/FIGHTING Topman, 28, strong, and MEAN thinks S.F. are cockless wimps afraid to put their asses on the line in an all-out fight! you think you're man enough prove me wrong, let's fight. No-holds-barred brawl to a definite finish. And after I've whipped your yellow ass, I'll stuff it with my cock and/or fist. Send challenges, photos to Box 816A

S/M SAN FRANCISCO Looking for biker or leatherman for permanent relationship, P.O. Box 4244, San Francisco, CA 94101.

HARDASS UNRULY CANINE with thick, uncut cockmeat, hot-boiling, low-hangin', cum-filled nuts by Black honcho lustin' to collar/ by Black honcho lustin' to collar/ leash, brask/train as bootdog toilet slave animal. Need boot/cock-hungry, piss-thirsty maverick hunk. Submit to C/B torture, crotch shaving, humiliation. White bootdog ONLY who needs/wants to be hogsted/roped by its slave animal nuts and ridden hard needs write. Photo/phone for prompt reply. Box 98 write.

OAKLAND. Need your cock and balls bound and tortured? I am the one who can do it for you, Write with details and photo to Box 19065. Oakland, CA 94619

HOT & READY IN L.A. Scandanavian man, 33, versatile (very), good bocy, good looking. Enjoy 3-ways and groups also. Levis, leather, jocks, grease, outdoor scenes. men and good sex get same

HOT HORNEY HAIRY HUNKY HUNG L.A. Area: 46, 5'9", 179 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, 8'%" uncut. Into light S&M, B&D, locks, leather, WS, TT, FF, JO, fantasy trips, Open to most new scenes. Will answer with phone and photo. Box 349.

Answering a Drumbeat ad is easy, but the few rules we have are hard ope on which

BIG WIDE OPEN ASSHOLES WANTED

L.A. W/M, 31, 5'11", 165 lbs., wants men with hot assholes into

FF, huge dildoes, punch fucking, able to withstand several hours of heavy ass play. Serious men only, no. J/O Roy 811

SAN FRANCISCO - SM, 41, 6'1", 175 lbs., white, 8" cut, looking for some heavy scenes. Can endure much in either role and wants no-nonsense partner who knows what he is do partner who knows what he is doing. If you're a man, work me over. S&M, B&D, new ideas. Dork, 625 Post Street, No. 549, San Francisco, CA 94109.

SHAVED TATTOOED SLAVE needs public exhibition, discipline, humiliation from uncompromising Craves Masters. domination floggings, branding, permanent Francy branding, electric torture, permanent Franey cage. Make me crawl, naked, black/blue, piss/cum covered and beg for more. Box 36433, Los Angeles, CA 90036.

MASTER, 33, 5'10", 160 lbs., seeks novice slave 20-30, slim, to learn and expand limits. Have toys and work-room. Master Dennis, 1918 Daisy Avenue, Long Beach, CA 90806

VERY hot struction KINK VERY hot struggling artist (Top) seeks relationship with patron of the Arts (bottom). Best face-sitter in the Arts (bottom). Best face-sitter in the Brotherhood – needs help. I am 27, 6 ft., 165 lbs., muscular, mascu-line, athletic, raunchy. Very good-looking. Blond hair, blue eyes, chis-eled features. Widely considered the hottest man in San Francisco. Write ERIC at 80x 986. If 1s good karma to help struggling artists,)

San Francisco: Obedient slave and his hunky Master looking for hot levi/leather studs into threeways and group sex. Well-equipped toy chest. No heavy drugs. Your ob-No heavy drugs. ours. Box 876. Your photo gets

S.F. BLACK LEATHER/BOOTS S.F. BLACK LEATHER/BOOTS Masculine S, w/m, 34, 5'11', 185 lbs., dressed in full leather, looks hot and smells good. If you are a slender w/m under 34, like good music, a firm hand, a hard cock, have a job, the state of the sta firm hand, a hard cock, have a job, then get on your fucking knees and write. Don't expect a long reply from me, I want to meet you instead. Absolutely no flabs, fems, stupids or hard drugs. Box 854.

WHIPPING SESSIONS wanted with leather/uniform men. Have experience both as bound cocksucking slave and as booted heavy whip wielder. I am uncut, thick cock for heavy sucking. Age 36, 175 lbs., 6°, bearded. Box 841.

CIGAR SMOKERS! Human ashtray, 30, blond, blue eyes, would like to meet cigar smok eyes, would like to meet cigar smok-ing torture master for fun and games. Prefer torturer with isolated and/or soundproof facility. Mature gentlemen welcome. 495 Ellis Street No. 1659, San Francisco, CA 94102. Other games possible, but cigar smokers only.

34, 5'10", 155 lbs., seeks Master to train me on collar and leash. Sir, write. Ed Smith, Box 71758, Los Angeles, CA 90071.

W/m, smooth, in search of firm hand guidance and training from mature, hirsute, serious Master, willing to consider inexperienced, unfulfilled consider inexperienced, unfulfilled but needful 31-year-old. My Master commands respect from his person, not his brutality. Bay Area only.

Black leather master, 35, seeks total uninhibited slaves 18-40. You will submit to my handcuffs, commands, submit to my handcuffs, commands, collar, chain or be slapped or spanked in private or bars, reply "Yes Sir" or "No, Sir," dress as ordered. Photo a must or no reply, Lonnie, 1242 Polk No. 300, San Francisco, CA 94109

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SLAVE INFORMATION W/m, 42, 6', 160 lbs., novice, seeks correspondence with experienced slaves. Needs to know how they please their Masters, type of relatraining experiences. and unusual requirements. John, 625 Post St., No. 594, San Fran-cisco CA 94109.

TRAVELING TO S.F. & L.A. Top, w/m, 40, 6'1", 160 lbs., short black hair, clipped beard, wants to meet hot young bottom who is into leather worship, possibility of getting into raunchy scenes. Also interested photo and you must be in leather when we meet. Having worn jeans and old jock straps are a big turn-on

VENICE, Intelligent pigs wanted for dirty sex. Your scat/w.s. fantasies are mine. Box 820.

SAN FRANCISCO: Particular Mas-ter, 32, seeks 19-22 leather, levis & barefoot type for bottom role in light S&M sex, traveling companion ful supervision, Box 789

W/m, 26, seeks older, hairy-chested, sadistic Master. Jim, Box 4509, San Francisco, CA 94101. LIVE-IN SLAVE & LOVER

Hayward man, completely inexperi-enced, new to leather scene, eager to learn both roles. Would relocate in learn both roles, Would relocate in Bay Area, NO FF, No photo, no

TAG-TEAM WRESTLING Two rugged, very hairy, mean, unde-feated fightin' studs in jocks, boots, & leather masks seek other tough & feather masks seek other tough studs for pro-style, tag-team fights. No holds barred, 2-out-of-3 falls, submissions only, No fantasies – real fightin'! Man enough? Photos & challenges to Box 816.

Is that you, buddy? Is your dick extra-long and/or extra-thick? If you've ever been told "it's too big," if you're frustrated by dudes who and you know that it IS a whopper can't handle you, then you want to meet me. I'm 29, 5'11", 160 lbs., ex-porno actor, hunky, gdikg, hot ass, insatiable appetite. And if you're young, super-hung horny o fucking a hot ass will meat of yours, plus any other raun-chy action (except FF) write with a pic, I'm for real, man. Box 100.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cancer, 36, 5' 10", 130 lbs., white, bearded bottom for rim/scat. Beard or mustache a No age or race restrictions. Box

San Francisco. Two hot pig farmers, both w/m, S: 37, 58", 140 lbs., 7" cut. M: 40, 511", 155 lbs., 8" cut. Have sty, toys. FFA, WS, enemas, tits, ass eating and other games. Photo gets photo. Write Troy, Box 31701, S.F., CA 94131.

San Francisco bottom, 36, 6'3", 165 lbs, 8%" uncut, looking for white beergut leather master for toilet initiation, use me as a latrine, piss-soaked jocks sucked dry, also into levis and leather, bondage, shaving, recycled beer from cheesy uncut cocks, 80x 562.

NORWALK S looking for 18-30 who is willing to serve and can take what I dish out. I am 23, 5'6". what I dish ou 125 lbs. Box 706.

pissed on. Am 6', 155 lbs., 8'', white, 32. Photo in jock strap and leather lacket a must. Box 967.

S/M, Hot, handsome, experienced leather master seeks together man to serve me as slave and MC buddy rider. I am W/M, 28, 5°11". 130 lbs., black hair, mustache, blue eyes 8" cut, double LEO with insatiable sex drive. You are W/M, 24-40. You are w/M 5'5" to 5" sex drive. You are W.M., 24-40 goodlooking, 5'5" to 5'11", ho hungry ass for long hot sessions willing, loyal, submissive nature, trim beard and mustache preferred. Mus be employed or financially indepen-dent. The kind of slave I want I can tie down to the seat of my motor vole and warm his ass with my belt then fuck the hell out of his asshole then fuck the hell out of his asshole with my hot experienced hands. Think you can serve a real Master? Submit a respectful letter of experience with photo and phone to Sir Calvin Martin, P.O. Box 1481, San Francisco, CA 94101.

KINKY FILTHY HOT KINKY FILTHY HOT
31, 5'7", 130 lbs, w/m looking for
hot, totally uninhibited guys who
enjoy mutual play. Am mostly
Master, but can switch with right
person or play both simultaneously.
Into S&M, B&D, W/S, seat. Leather,
wet and raunchy Levis and jock
straps, outdoor scenes, exhibitionist.
Active FF, to give, receive or both. Spankings, whippings, boots, some rubber. Ready to explore any other experiences. Box 162.

BIG MATURE TITS! P.O. Box 69, Desert Hot Springs, CA 92240.

Available for big tough millionaire, over 40. You set the limits. I'll earn my keep. 33, 511", 140 lbs., athletic, masculine, educated, sensitive. NOT a phony. POB 115, Big Sur, CA 93920. SLAVE

MASTER, 41, w/m, 6', 170 lbs., 7'', seeks thoroughbred level-headed Germanic type partner who is superhairy (legs, arms, chest, asshole) with uncut, thick, juicy tool, bull balls, bulineck, big feet & big hairy hands. Must have open mind with out hangups regarding uninhibited sex, willing to try anything once with right person regardless of how far out or bizarre (limits respected) as long as total body ecstasy (giving & receiving) is achieved. Must be open to permanent relationship with mature, together, warm, affectionate, level-headed guy. Must not object to becoming my unselfish, sex object

to becoming my unselfish, sex object buddy, with more than sex the ulti-mate goal. I'm into leather, levis, uniforms, toys, fantasy trips, FF, scat, w/s, filth, raunchy sex, wrestl-ing, mud, oil, camping, farming, ing, mud, oil, camping, farming, sweat, dirty talk, sports, horse-back riding. Looks unimportant, innerself is what's handsome to me. Spare me good looks, just produce a well ad justed 100% rugged male, Reply justed 100% rugode male. Relywith photo, which will be promptly with photo, which will be promptly returned, to: Charles Pardue, cO Pan Occidental Agricultural & Ranch Supply Co., P.O. Box 38610, Los Angeles, CA 90038.

SAN FRANCISCO. Master, w, 25, 5'11", 180 lbs., visiting Frisco next summer. Want to meet willing slave summer. Want to meet willing slave into prolonged bondage, rope, mild S&M, C&B restraint. Young, trim, goodlooking slave to show me the city by day and at night submit to bondage. No d'orgs, fats, fem, societ If too much body hair, it will have to come off. Send photo. Box 683.

Hairy guy into raunchy jock straps, SM, 35, 5'8", 165 lbs, semi-muscu-WS, and heavy leather. Digs having lar, 6%" cut, looking for masculine, his crotch licked and his boots aggressive men, 25-45, 5'8" or pissed on. Am 6', 155 lbs, 8", white, taller, under 200 lbs. Looking for 32, Photo in jock strap and leather men into trying new things. 80x

SAN FRANCISCO MASTER, 41, 5'9", 140 lbs., experienced in bondage, FF, WS, boots, S&M, Respectful of limits willing to experiment. of fimits, willing to experiment Fully equipped same room. Box 239

THE RULE IS: Do as you're told or else. S, 45, 6'3", 170 lbs. requires hairy or pierced M, 20-50. Box 679. PALM SPRINGS, M, 34, 6'2", 180 lbs., desires S who is dominant in mind as well as body. Levis/leather a turnon. Box 902.

SLAVE DANNY LOS ANGELES AREA, I am more beautiful in bondage than in free-dom, and I will submit to tortures, dom, and I will submit to tortures, piercing, shaving, photography to you, Sir, or to groups. I need a Master to be pleased with and proud of me. Box 35.

Super-hot, goodlooking, hung young stud seeks other S studs for challenges in top position. Travel to S.F., NYC, and Chicago often, I am a Master who is into other Masters. Men who can handle competition are welcome. 26, 6′, 165 lbs., dark blonde, moustache, 8′ cut. For the hottest, try the hottest. Box 674. scenes, 6', blk/brn, bearded, crew-cut, hung, w/m, 30's, 165 lbs. Seek topmen to mete out heavy, bizarre punishment, meatotomy and unitary punishment, meatotomy and unitary collections will be sent as trips, including deep FF and the rest of your individual desires. The best provisionar will eventually get it all. Reply with phone, please, to: Box

holder, P ocleutive SADIST requires no cular masochist, Object: mutual station, Me: w/m, 38, 611", 190 l 8" uncut, inventive. You: ready new adventures. Photo helps. I 817. SELECTIVE SADIST requires mus-

OROVILLE, 34, 6', 180 lbs., brown/ brown, looking for master who loves leather as I do: feel, smell, taste, WS. sight. I need humiliation, WS, ho i/o, feel, smell of warm/hot leather scat and piss. I need the right man. W.R. Fiedler, Rt. 2 Box 2498, Oro-ville CA 95965.

L.A. FILTH nard, beer-drinking, cigar-foul mouthed dirt dude hard. smoking, foul mouthed dirt dude with rank armpits, slimey asshole and a cruddy uncut cock wears greasy, rotten, stinking boots, socks, iocks, t-shirts, levis and leather. Digs spitting, pissing, shitting, puking, sweating and farting. Gets off with chains, tires, concrete, multiples and oil. Box 294V8

SAN FRANCISCO w/m, 41, 6', 170 lbs., wants action not talk. FF (top), whipping, fucking, sucking, heavy tit work. Box 677. SAN FRANCISCO. M, 5'5%", 140

lbs., 40, new to leather world, seeks w/m, 25-40, to show the way. Must respect limits; no scat, shaving or

CHAIN ME UP For the weekend. Don't let me your face. Shave my head before you hood me. Cover my shaved, belt marked body with piss & hot was marked body with piss & hot wax. Give me nothing to eat but piss & cum Imaybe even my own). I need imaginative Master who respects my limits. San Francisco, 44, 6', 170 lbs., w/m. Box 640.

SAN FRANCISCO HOT S, 30, 5'10", 150 lbs., 8\%", looking for young intelligent macho bootlicking cocksucking slave into tit torture B&D, FF, W/S, or anything else order. Applications will be con sidered with photo. Ken. Box 695.

you over. Hairy, bearded, crew-cut erotic painter into total oral/anal play. Solid 210 lb. ex-coach expects obedience, digs worship, 6%" cut blue eyes, 5'10" sexual athlete. 52 wants macho partners who know how to serve. Only mentally & emotionally stable jocks seeking total involvement need apply. Relation-ship, including role-switching possible with right MAN. Strong preference for hairy, red-headed, tattooed truc kers and bikers looking for good hot times South of Market. Mellow scenes possible too. Enjoy men of all ages. Willing to train novice. Respect limits but am firm. Push as far as partner's experience permits with frank letter and recent photo

HOLLYWOOD. M, 44, 5'6½", 130 lbs., willing to try anything with the right Master. Prefer w/m, 35-55 in leather, levi, jockstrap. Box 392. FRANCISCO. Hot be bearded SAN FRANCISCO. Hot bearded man, 39, 5°9", 6%", 160 lbs., cut, white, into bodybuilding, backpacking and disco. Enjoy leather, military and western attitude. Sexual interests include cock and body worship, oil, movies, j/o, enemas, w/s, sweat, spit and B&C rope art novice but interested). No scat and limited pain mixed equally with af fection. Prefer slightly dominant, ad venturous but level-headed part-ner(s). No fats or fems, Answer with photo for HOT reply, Box 784.

HAYWARD, S. 28, 5'11", 160 lbs., 8%" cut, muscular, goodlooking, looking for attractive, well built guys who are versatile and responsive. No fats, fems, flabby, older, out of shape. Should have good build and be into leather, levis or uniforms. Box 402. GERMAN SLAVE 30/61/180 avail

able for use/abuse in December 80. Need real hard and tough leather-master. Frank Seifert, Postfach, 1000 Berlin 62, West Germany.

APO/SF, SM, 35, 5'8", 165 lbs, semi-muscular, short hair, return to the States in April '80, Looking for aggressive, masculine, 25-45, with willingness to try new things. No leens, fats. Box 256.

SIRI W/m slave, 33, 5'11", 150 lbs., 7" cut, trim beard and moustache seeks Master for serious training. Am seeks Master for serious training. Am obedient, respectful, quick learner, goodlooking, masculine and need to be brought to my knees in service. Bob., 256 S. Robertson, No. 3089, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Can travel.

W/m, masculine, husky hunk, 49, 6'3", 235 lbs., virile, experienced, wants macho studs near my size, 30 plus only. Into tit play, body con-tacts. One on one possible. Cali-fornia bodybuilders, cowboys, leatornia bodybuilders, cowboys, lea thermen, etc. reply to Box 170. SAN FRANCISCO, goodlooking un-

cut stud. Seeks dominant butch uni man SS or Gestapo types for head trips, discipline, submission, mad doctor C&B. Witchcraft and a few other outrageous farout things that we will talk about. Aroma, etc. No one who doesn't know where his head is. Please, Sir. Box 167.

Find your DRUMMER in Drumbests!

LOS ANGELES, M, w/m, 34, 5'7", smooth, slim, good body, 125 lbs., intelligent, goodlooking m looking for intelligent S. I NEED to serve my man and expect eventually only the limitations my Master has for me Especially like to service others for you, I need to be me to properly

TITS AND ASS LOS ANGELES, 40s, stocky hairy body, shaved head wants bun warm ers and warmees for long, reciprocal spanking, titspanking, tit-pinching, enemas, and more. Prefer mature, clean non-smokers who'd rather do it than

talk about it, want to expand limits for both of us. Rox 709 HOT NIPPLEMEN Big-titted stud seeks big worked-

LOS ANGELES S. 45 5'6" 135 lbs, solid, muscular, masculine stud 7" cut; looking for masculine slender or muscular man under 55 white. Not interested in fucking snything I wouldn't walk down the greet with, Box 667C

COLORADO

By older, experienced leatherman to young novice; beginner or advanced on temporary or lifetime-live in basis. Master will support efforts to whieve physical, career, educational and leathersex goals! Instructor c/o

CONNECTICUT

M, young 40, white, 143 lbs., masc ", sandy red hair (short, front nning), blue-gray eyes. British-rman-Swedish blood, decent looks, strain-Swedish blood, decent looks, rational, intelligent and at ease in the straight world, offers self for un-hurried sessions of light (at first) S&M, B&D, tit and ass work, and high-plane sharing with: Experienced Master, similar age and height prefer , not paunchy, masc., attractive iks, alert mind, seeking partner train as slave. Must be able to relate beyond sack and cellar as well Mutual trust/respect vital. Like trim beard, communicative leather, levis, boots, toys, w control before abuse, spanking/belt groups; and enjoy most Intermediate need exampling, and affection. Limits un but no real damage please. Heavy drugs/drinking manic sadists, snobs without extreme pain, reason. Ultimate goal: unselfish devo a worthy companion, Live temp. ontral CT but in NYC a lot. Your letter and photo (if poss.) bring mine, Sir. Box 680.

QUEST: Emerging M, 39, w/short rust hair, ramble-looking, 5'11%", 142 bs., game 6½", clean-shaven, sim, good mind, masculine, is ready to do more than dabble. Needs an intelligent, experienced Master, 35-45 or so, to lead the way. The body's or so, to lead the way. The body's sanina. Strong bond of trust essen-tal No scat, extreme pain, heavy dugsidrinking. I'm newish to this world but know I belong. Do you wad me, Sir(s)? Live central CT, hoto appreciated but not essential.

30, 5'11", 180 lbs., husky, hairy, 6 cut, masculine, firm; seeks clean-cut slave, 18-35, white, slim or muscular, into bondage and discipline, toys, willing to serve and obey

STAMFORD S with bull whip quires total obedience, Have 9% to forcefeed your mouth or as Only interested in real men over 20 Box 570

SM. 45. 6'3". 190 lbs. 8" cut. well

used ass; looking for tall, well built well hung studs. Box 965. DIST. OF COLUMBIA

WASHINGTON, DC AREA, M, 38, , 160 lbs., 30" w runner/weightlifter. V W., white Well-built S for erotic S&M B&D Box 215

NEED TO BE CONTROLLED? 6', 51, 185 lbs., will train slave by age with good body, firm buns. asculine looks a must. Box 704.

FI ORIDA

38 . 140 lbs., crewcut, construction worker into leather levis, boots bikes, cigars, aroma, etc. Likes kinky scenes. Am masculine and bung Need service from masculine, cock hungry, piss thirsty dudes, Limited

FT. LAUDERDALE, S, 43, 5'7%", 160 lbs., 7" cut, big balls and big hands looking for FF wide-receivers for three-ways with would-be slave. No scat or heavy pain trips. Demanding but considerate. Box 258. TALLAHASSEE w/m, 24, 5'9", 165 lbs., wants to be trained to serve a master's needs. L/L, uniforms, harnesses, Box 474.

If you're into funky, hot, sex and are hairy, a rugged. you would do to me. This good Isave can travel and can receive. Also specializing in WS S&M R&D specializing in two with Mr. Right

stable intelligent man mid 20s, white, has been exploring sado-masochism several similar man to mid 30s for continuing weekend explorations. Must have come to an understanding that mutual exploration, suppor respect, and care are requisite to building the trust and love central real sado-masochistic counter. Not looking for one fantasy Honest only with h a sense of Confidential humor should reply. Confidential and expects the same, Central/South-Florida. Prefer Top/bottom man. Box A37.

MOTORCYCLE COPS Muscular hairy stud, 6' wants to correspond w 165 lbs 6', 165 lbs. cycle cops and other MEN into same into disciplined scenes reply. Discretion assured. Box 111F

Masculine goodlooking Top with firm gentle style seeks candidates bondage with discipline administered according to subject's requirements Box 814

Want to eat from your dog bowl and feel your riding crop. If you have uncut thick cock, hanging balls, a hairy ass for me to eat from, and you are very strict in your demand please contact me. I am 39, 5'10' 148 lbs., 9" uncut, Box 735.

GEORGIA

HAIRY, 155 lbs., 5'11", 29 w/m, into rimming, FF, sucking & fucking. Seeks same. Robble, 98 Peachtree Place, Warner Robins, GA 31093.

ATLANTA MS, Aquarius, 34, 5'8", 135 lbs., white, good body, level head, experienced. Looking for men over 25 into B&D, suspension, tit vorkouts and similar action. Able to

take charge, but prefer name action spect for limits assumed, but mutual consent, Box 71 expansion

HAWAII

18 expect clean. No fats, freaks,

IDAHO

white, hung, scat. Box 254

IDAHO. 26. leather lbs. blongerman Hot to learn with other goodlooking guys, 18-30s, with same bigger or thicker cocks. Travel Wyo bigger or thicker cocks. Trave ming. Colorado, Utah, Idaho tana. No fats, fems, scat. Box 807 TRAVELING DOMINANT

36, 5'11", 200 lbs., husky, 7" t. looking for willing bottoms or intelligent tops (can sw worthy master). Into toys, groups bondage; am always horny. No fats fems, WS, drugs or heavy pain. In terested in possible vacation/ski bud ILLINOIS

Militar

input

tellin' Der F ledermaus says my fiction lacks authenticity tell me the S&M "do's" and "don't's Prinn O'Hara, 4321 W. 95th S Brian O'Hara, 432 Oak Lawn, IL 60453 W. 95th St 200 lbe muscular S, dominant and know edgeable, 7" cut. Handsome body knows how to give orders

knows how to get service, and knows how to punish failure. Potential slave should be submissive, 21-35, d know his place. CHICAGO, 31, 5'9", 145 lbs., white slave seeks Black Master who likes to whip and fuck a hot white ass

suck & rim his hot Black cock, ass suck & rim his not breeze and piss and balls and likes to hogtie and piss and a naked white slave. P.O. Box 6348. Chicago, IL 60680

SPRINGFIELD, S, 54, 5'8", 160 lbs., looking for slave, 21-50, white only. Am experienced, respectful of limits; but can be either extremely sadistic or gentle, based on slaves endurance. Must be clean. Box 382.

EVANSTON, S, Scorpio, 48, 5'11" 170 lbs., white, 6", knowledgeable turned on by high, heavy boots an wants slave with same strong in for mutually-booted session Master wears rubber boots for rub-ber slaves, leather boots for leather slaves. Limits respected, no drugs Bert, 2423 Ridgeway Ave., Evanston IL 60201

MASTER LOOKING FOR SLAVE be kept naked and shaved. Must be into light S&M, B&D, WS. Must like to jog, swim, and bike, 18-35 into light S&M, B&U, 18-35 and under 6'. Will help relocate.

INDIANA

ATTENTION SLAVE Indianapolis Master, 37, demands a permanent, total slave! Master is very demanding and experienced. Heavy into S&M and B&D. Total servitude. slave must be ready to serve com-pletely. My slave must be capable of being the world's best slave. Box

INDIANAPOLIS, M. 49, 5'10", 170 lbs., 6%", white, inexperienced. Will standing and knowledgeable Master standing and knowledgeaute market to bring out the best in me. Will try anything once. Can travel to sur-rounding states. No blood and no scat, Photo please, Box 833.

KENTUCKY

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE LEXINGTON, S, 38, 5'11", lbs., experienced in all scenes. limits considered. Must have limits considered. Must have firm body and have your head on. If you wife now. Box 986, ready, write n

LOUISIANA

NEW ORLEANS. 150 lbs., seeking masculine slave, 2 21-40 for mutua irm but respects limits Apply with photo.

MONROE. 33, white, 6', 175 lbs., seeks w/m, 25-40. Am primarily M into father/son type discipline with bondage. Will assume S role for pro MAINE

Have a fantasy? Want it to come true? Two bearded dudes from nor thern Maine woods into all scenes groups, FF, WS, J/O, tit and bal torture, bondage, voyeurism aroma: ready action. Come visit, write, or call.
Your photo gets ours. Les Quebecois MARYLAND

BALTIMORE AREA M

180 lbs., 6" cut, seeks sincere experienced knowledgeable master to bring ability to serve. Am willing, obedient and eager to learn. Some US travel Box 128. BALTIMORE or WASHINGTON DC

area. SM (either role), into L/L, WS, CBT/T, B&D, strap, FFA, no scat. Apply with picture stating desires. visitor to Chicago, L.A.,

MASSACHUSETTS

NOVICE w/m. 24

Into all scenes except scat. Need train my body and mind to satisfy his. Sir. Box 985 CAPE COD. S. 52. 6' Taurus 200

lbs., well-muscled, tough, uncut, into B&D, WS, shaving, FF, and all kinds entry, enemas and entry, enemas and eneks white slave, for prolon enemas and Seeks totally submissive, for prolonged long rm service. No drugs, fats, or fems Must be able to endure moderate to heavy pain, ball torture, tit piercing, prolonged immobilization, butt a buse, body whipping. No crybabies softies, or thrill-seekers need apply am looking for a serious slave who craves punishment, abuse, humilia tion, and expects nothing but pain torment, and discomfort in return Box 790

BOSTON. Bearded w/m, m versatile and imaginative, 5'9 lbs., uncut, hairy body; turned on by tit work, w/s, ass work, and foot licking. Seeks men of same interests. Willing to expand. Box 840.

EXPERIENCED TOPMAN, 46, 5'9". 160 lbs., seeks L/L partners over 25. Beards or moustaches a plus. Box

MICHIGAN

WAYNE COUNTY AREA, white slave, 21, needs Master, any race, any age, Into anything and everything. No limits, You call all the shots, Ready and willing, Sir. Box 216

DETROIT. Muscular rower, 33, wants to fuck the daylights out of you Colts, 18.25 preferred. Must have an office of the cold of

Bottom, straight acting/appearing, into S&M, B&D, etc., sincere, intelligent, wants a like Top looking for adaptable partner. Leo/Migna 18, 79° uncut, tight hairless slim body. In good shape, expect same. No one-nighters, fats or ferms. Photos exchanged. Box 1571, Dearborn, MI 48121.

NORTHERN MICHIGAN
FLEXIBLE MASTER seeks adaptable partner into weekend bondage
and discipline sessions in wilderness
setting, Limits respected, Confidentiality assured and expected, All replies considered. Box 152.

TAYLOR, MS, Capricorn, 24, 5' 10", 165 lbs., white, 6's", novice. Eager to learn from and submit to the right S, Will serve Master totally. Box 261.

DETROIT w/m, 34, 5'6'. 135 lbs, good body, hairy and hung (especially thick) needs hunky deep throats and hot and wild receptive read with good tight bodies to age experience of the control of the cont

SOUTHFIELD, 46, 6', 160 lbs, German S, muscular, 7" uncut; seeks novice who would be interested in exploring and growing; with limits respected. No drugs, fats, fems. Hairless body, tight physique a plus. Box 468.

ANN ARBOR, SM, 39, 5'7", 165 lbs., 6" cut, semi-muscular, seeks adaptable partner, under 45, who is sensual as well as horney, not afraid to give and take alike. Into levil leather. No pain, dirt, fats, or emotional problems. Box 204.

MINNESOTA

TOILET FACE SITTING MINNEAPOLIS, SM. Taurus, 31, 5'11", 7", bearded Bottom for piss & scat. I love leather and kinky scenes, looking for filth freak. Into shaving, light S&M, B&D, tit work. Can also go top, Write AI, Box 476, Minnespolis, MN 55440.

MATE FOR LIFE/ALL U.S.
Abrupt. obscene, white, weathered,
shorthuired, whiskered, greying exsalior, M. 51. 510". 170 lbs., will
live with, worship, and suck one
French passive white S. 40-70, boots,
levis, leather, w/s, etc. Farmers,
cowboys, uniformed lawmen, hard
hats, executives, other welcome. Will
relocate. Box A16.

MPLS. Would like to meet men who like to fuck, are into bondage. Cowboys, truckers, all Men who are well hung and know what they want. No fats. Box 825.

Minneapolis: White, 25-yr; bardbox in the control of the control

MISSOURI

ST. LOUIS w/m, 6'11". 165 lbs, 8" uncut, very hairy all over, know-ledgeable, masculine, dominant and aggressive yet quiet, strain and appearing seeks other hairy and about the seeks of t

Jacob L. of Missouri: Please, Sir contact Ken of Indianapolis.

MONTANA

S MONK SEEKS DISCIPLE M Leather master will instruct you using strict monastic bodelines, humilation, discipline, pentience, power of the strict monastic bodelines, humilation, discipline, pentience, power to be strictly as the strictly of the strictly as the strictly a

NEBRASKA

Communister missens: Reseast Berhill, illike my sex rough and hard, need a good Master. If you think you're man enough to break me. Box 486.

OMAHA, S. 37, 5'11", 175 lbx, continue to the co

NEW JERSEY

NORTHERN JERSEY, Wim 28, 227, 186. Ibc, hairy, knowledgegole, macculine, dominant and aggressive Master, yet quiet, straight acting and appearing seeks slave, 25-35, for permanent live-in relationship, Muscular body a plus, Willing to train mines. No hard or ruff stuff. No drugs, fats, fems or phonies, Box 520.

HE-MAN STUDS ONLY Generous guy gives complete oral service. Lay back and relax. Very discreet and safe for marrieds. Note with photo. P.O. Box 342, Pine Brook, NJ 07058.

SYRACUSE w/m, versatile, 35,

SYNACUSE W/m, Versattle, 35, 3 11", 150 lbs., blond, into light to heavy S&M, B&D, WS, T/T, C/B Abuse, shaving, piercing, nailling, wax, scat, whips, crops, leather. Box 2874, Syracuse, NY 13220.

WRESTLERS – LEVI'S – S/M Mean, tough, vicious, ruthless stud, 29, w/m, 6'2", wants to hear from same type dudes, all ages. Into no-lods-barred fighting, kicking, punching, and squeezing a guy's nuts, etc. Exchange info, ideas, or meet. Box

EASTERN LONG ISLAND: Experienced, versatile Master seeks hot slaves needing bondsage, discipline, humiliation, chains, whips, tit torture, ball work, or whatever. Respect limits but am firm, Evenings, all night sessions. Begging letters with bare chested photos get reply. Novices acceptable. 80x 980.

TATTOOED & PIERCED, 43, 6'3", 165 lbs., interested in open, masculine w/m, 30-50, not heavily into booze or drugs. Box 452.

MANHATTAN, S. 35, 6'4" blonde. Have 6'2" muscular slave, 30, Am accepting applications for second slave. Must submit to heavy S&M, B&D and video taping, 1f you are young, muscular, and attractive, send photo with qualifications at once, Box 673.

EXPAND MY LIMITS

EXPAND MY LIMITS
Tattooed and ringed M, 34, seeks
Sadist into: belts, paddles, cats,
whips, hot wax, weights, Mark,
cheerfully accepted. Write: Occupant, 100 Bank Street, No. 5A,
NYC, NY 10014.

NYC, m, 43, 6'4", 210 lbs., 6%" cut. Needs immobile bondage, toys from creative Master. Sensitive cock balls and tits need to be worked on Good S can expand my limits, Box 989

STRAP & BOARD NYC, 6'2", 30, hot guy with strap and board seeks similar guys for lick tradin' fun. Phone. Box 821.

SADIST, 35, seeks masochist/slave into pain, cock, ball and tit torture, humiliation, bendage, pisc, discipline, ONLY need is to serve your Master, write with telephone, address and a description of your qualifications/ desires. Photo appreciated. Submission, 8ox 379, NYC 10008.

Obedient, w/m, 21, 6', 160. Need forceful master to teach me the ropes, the right way. I have a hand-some face and hot, hard body waiting to be disciplined. With right man, anything goes. Put me in my place and make me beg for more. Photo' letter, Box 801.

NEW YORK, Capricorn, 37, 5'9".

NEW YORK, Capicarn, 37, 5'9'.

NEW HOR Capicarn, 17, 5'9'.

NEW HOR CAPICAR CA

KINGSTON: Goodlooking blonde, 27, 6-, 160 lbs., 7" cut, into leather, uniforms, B&D, light S&M. Seeks leathermen for hot scenes, mutual experimentation. Will answer all, those with photo and phone first. Travels within state. Box A36.

Master wanted to expand my limits. Slave is mid-30s, 5°5°, 138, with mustache and ringed tits. Need master to supervise program to flatten my stornach, to alternate discipline and pain with affection. Box 712, New York, NY 10011.

UNIFORM LEATHERMASTER 43, trim, will enlist adjutant/bat man who understands personal valor and pride in bending his back and baring his ass in discipline, service and submission. Box A21.

N.Y.C. W/M, 33, 5°10", 165 lbs. tattooed, muscular, crew cut, all man merchant marine wants voy-euristic lockerroom scenes with narcissistic musclemen. Will travel U.S. for right heads and bodies. Box 813.

for right heads and bodies. Box 813.

NYC FOOT SLAVE, 26, 6'1", 180
lbs, br/br, very attractive, masculine and friendly. Gr AIP, Fr AIP, without most received to the control of the control of the control of foot service, scenes, fantasies, feelings, intimacy and beyond. Please write Box 304, 201 Varick Street, New York, NY 10014.

SILICONE 8X8

Hot uniform and leather man has had
it done! Interested in connecting
with other siliconed studs, Don't
answer if you haven't had it done,
Exchange information, ideas, photos.
Box 405F.

NYC M, 22, 5'10", 150 lbs., seeks Leathermaster into S&M, B&D, TT, and W/S, Box 809.

NEW YORK CITY, Sadist, ex-

military, 29, butch, bodybuilder, seek hot well-built torture animal for heavy pain, physical abuse, total toilet and body service. Box A18.

SEX-AGENARIANI
Libra, M, 6'3", 170 lbs., mid-60's, white-haired, blue-eyed man of dis

Libra, M. 6:3" 170 lbs., mid-ob's, white-haired, blue-eyed man of distinction type, would serve muscular masculine male of any age or race, who enjoys imaginative games with older man, Will do almost anything for right partner. Box 290X.

VERY STRICT

NYC Lesther Master, 30, 6', 170
Ibs., 7' cut, mustache, seeks real
Ibs., 7' cut, mustache, seeks real
interpretation of the seeks real
difficult to earn. I'm willing to ecept well-trained slaves or to train
a novice. Attitude is all important.
Write groveling letter beging for
interview. Be prepared for the total
security of total surrender. Box
255.

PIGGY RAUNCH

WRESTLERS—STREET FIGHTERS 28, 6'2", 190, w/m, Topman wants to meet submissive young dudes into no-holds-barred, L/L, jock, wrestling. Also want to hear from other Tops into same. Box 804A.

UNIFORMED CIGAR SMOKER NYC. Hot stud in uniform or full leather, 37, 6', 175 lbs., thick 8' cut. Short blonde hair, beard. Heavy into a fantasy scenes with well-hung men interested in boots, uniforms, motorcycle cops. S.S., tollet, FR. GREENWICH VILLAGE, S. Taurus, 46, 59", 172 lbs., 6" unoru, white,

GREENWICH VILLAGE. S. Taurus 46, 59°. 172 lbs. 6° uncut white experienced, Trustworthy, imagine tive master seeks serious mach leather/levi partner to 48 with res sonable endurance, into 58th, spreadeagle bondage, dog discipline. W. ded. No ferns, fats, fakes, Send appropriately submissive reply. Box 1858.

NYC. S, Taurus, 49, 6′, 170 lbs, w/m, 7″, novice, demands contact by dark hairy slave, black or white. Must have large cock and desire to display and PLAY. Box 153P. BUFFALO, w/m, 42, 6'1½", 174 lbs, uniforms, leather, levis. Novice, but wants to learn. Will answer all, travel. Box 715.

SUPER HEAVY S&M
Way out and wild S&M given to hot
young slave by brutal, well-equipped
Master. Real m's send photo, age,
experience to: Box 12-R, c/o Roos
603, 147 West 42nd St., New York,
WY 10038

BUFFALO, w/m, 27, 5'9". 185 lbs, 7" uncut, SM, Aquarian, seeks knowledgeable master into L/L, who is respectful of limits. Am into S&M, S&D, etc. Master in tight leather, tall polished boots and into bikes are ser turn on. Are you ready to train me' Send photo and phone for prompt reply. Box 404BNY.

NEW YORK, Aryan, 47, 5'8'.
Ariss/Taurus cusp, into motorcycles, boots, police uniforms, tattoos and S&M; interested in corresponding with stocky cigar smoking macho man 40 plus Rox 675.

NORTH CAROLINA

leather bondage, harness, mask, torlure. Sex secondary behind experisoing expanding pain. Have equipment. Box 70759, Ft. Bragg, NC 5 28307.

OHIO SLAVE WANTED

SLAVE WANTED Couple, 29 and 35, looking for slave and houseboy. Write to: 8/9 Dover St., Warren, OH 44485. Be quick.

CLEVELAND BODYBUILDER
Hot young white Master, 23, new to
Cleveland, 6, 165 lbs, 8", exceptional mind, meat, looks, body,
would like to meet hot, USDA
prime slaves and/or other masters
in Claveland area. Write with photo
and phone and limits to SIR, P.O.
80x 16416, Eleveland, OH 44116.

WANTED: Dominant white Top with mustache and hairy body. Am aggressive white male. Bl/Bl, with mustache. Am into B/D, WS, light SM and heavy tit action. No fats, fems, or F/F. Write The Jaws. Box 905.

BOOTLOVER, 27, 5'7", 137 lbs., soking for neat guy into Frye Boots that wants me to lick them and cum or them. Box 151.

CLEVELAND, MS, Aries, 46, 5'10".

155 lbs., white, 5'8", novice. French strike, Graek passive, wants to please large, well-built partner to 50. No first heavy S&M, or 8.0, Box 17V.

DAYTON. S, 35, 5'11", 150 itbs., looking for part-time slave/houseboy. Pay considered for the right guy who is as willing to work as play. Good-tooking, demanding, considerate master: the slave should have average tooks, be under 30, and into the head top as well as the physical. Box 678.

COLUMBUS, SM, Virgo, 40, 5'9".
183 lbs., white, 6'3", biker, leather/ levi, mutual satisfaction for macho, snorre, straight-appearing butch types. No fems, fats, snobs, chicken. 80:365

OKLAHOMA

uncut, ex-police looking for other officers and ex-officers into policing, police leathers, uniforms, hoopes, and cycle cops as a lifestyle. No bles, overly fat, fems, or drugs. Discreet. Box 885. A unique trip. Let your big soft cock and balls be strapped into my sensuous mouth pouch! Hunky cowboy, 33, 62", solid body, 7%, loose balls, into western wear, military, police uniforms, athletes, seeks men with similar interests. Box 18441, Oklahoma City, OK 73154.

STILLWATER, SM, 36, 5'9" 180 lbs., 8" uncut, ex-police officers looking for other officers, ex-officers, those into uniforms as a lifestyle. No fats, drugs, fems, scat. Discreet. Box 45.

OREGON

PORTLAND bottom seeks dominant, aggressive top. Dig ass beating, humiliation, piss, rimming, toys, titwork, kinky scenes. Am 31, 6'2", 185 lbs., goodlooking, Box 624.

PENNSYLVANIA

PITTSBURGH AREA MASTER

Both State of the St

HITSBURGH, S, 44, w/m, 6', 185 lbs., hairy chest, 7'' uncut syear USMC. Into B&D, leather, levis. Wants masculine stud whour understands submission and service, willing to give his body for my pleasure. Box 83.

BWOODSHED DISCIPLINE
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30, 6°1", 200 lbs, 8" cut, seeks instrument of suffering & service. You are a muscular, straight-appearing M who needs to submit to the abusive control of a total Man. Your first step is a letter of submission with pictures begging for my attention. Box 802.

HOGTIE & SACK N

Philadelphia white slave, a young 42, slim, wants to be "kinapped" by dirty dungareed rugged men with trucks who will use me as labor and to serve their sweaty dungarees and rugged bodies all over! Box 490.

HARRISBURG, M. 160 lbs., 28, white slave looking for master, 21—45 no fakes, fats, fems, uglys, Into WS, B&D, jock straps, tom pants, verbal humiliation, public worship. Make me your dog with collar and leash. I will obey or else, Will go to NY, Philadelphia, Baltimore or DC. Box 959.

FOOT SERVICE
I know how to please, 5'6", 32, 140
lbs., w/m, will worship your feet/
boots. Moustache a plus, beards O.K.
80x 705.

SCRANTON, M. Gemini, white, 47, 56", 154 lbs., 6", intelligent novice seeks understanding, affectionate Master lany age) who will respect and expand limits. Am adventurous and pretty solid. Any race okay. Box 964.

WILKES BARRE, S. Cancer, 41, 6°, 170 lbs., white, 12° Experienced military disciplinarian with rural stockeds. 20 years military experienced, some military experienced, for penal discipline. Scene is of primary importance. Steel bondage, cells, cages, heavy physical exercise used. Will train beginners. No ferms, 1sts. Box

RHODE ISLAND

TWO LEATHER MASTERS accepting applications from leather slaves for heavy group action. S&M, B&D, WS, FF, wax, etc. Must be 25 to 40 yrs, Photo a must, will receive ours in return, Box 51, Norwood, MA 02062.

SOUTH CAROLINA

M, 25, white, 5'10", 145 lbs., into fucking and fist-fucking (receiving), piss, S&M (whipping, tit & ball tor-

piss, S&M (whipping, tit & ball tor ture), bondage (spreadeagling, gags) domination, verbal abuse, leather, levis, boots. Seeks meetings/correspondence with aggressive Tops/Masters in USA, Europe, Canada, Australia. Box 288.

TEXAS

DALLAS — Hot give dominant man follo libra, 36, 5 with 73" cruddy uncut cock, sweaty balls and crotch. I nellow motorcycle riding, wearing leather, levis, boots, dirty lock strate, booss, but respect limits. You appreciate the above, being submissive, wif, dry talk, verbal abuse, with the strategies of the strategies

FT. WORTH, SM, 47, 6'2", 195 lbs., 7" uncut, German Aquarius is looking for slave. Should be knowledgeable, clean, not into drugs, interested in motorcycles, uniforms, boots, and leather. Not into FF, scat, w/s, Box 0590.

COWBOY MASTER
W/M, 24, 170 lbs., looking for slaves
into heavy B&D, WS, C/B, boot worship or anything else I order. Application with photo will be considered Box A17

DALLAS, 41 and out for kinky fun, Top guy, 5'8', 130 lbs., nice looking. No scat, no fems, but lots of c/b, tit, and ass play; spankings; bondage; and w/s. Enclose photo. 18 to 45 white only. Box 987.

contact Larry in Houston. Box 981.
AUSTIN. WM. 36: 52° 456. list, bearded. Into cut funcut, fight \$84M.
L/L, lockstraps, gym shorts, FF, ball fucking, dildoss, total ass involvement. Will try uniforms, WS, B&O, slave role. No fats, ferns, B&O, slave role. No fats, ferns, and the control of the control of

TOTAL MASTER Bodybuilder, 37, 6', handsome, into everything, wants total slave who knows his only place in life is to serve

everything, wants total slave who knows his only place in life is to serve me. You'll be shawed, kept naked, and cared for. No limits. No excuses. Photo. Box A23. HOUSTON MASTER, 45, wim, 5 111 17 176 lbs, pantle but firm, acceptions applications. Sliver you must be masculine, well-proportioned, obedient, willing to serve, lnexperience CK, you will be trained. Reasonable limits respected. Write sincere, confidential letter, 4sk what questions you have NOV. Include an travel. Box 633. **

DALLAS. 5'8", 150 lbs., 27 years old, likes to be wrestled down, roped and gagged by muscular captor for total tight prolonged bondage and forced to submit. Can reverse roles. Box 734.

DALLAS COMPLETE MASTER 56, 67, 165, 10s., sensational fist fucker, insatiable big cock, flexible feet for unusual ass play, seeks slaves who are serious about their role and want a lifetime in S&M, Box 476,

Free to travel USA. Interests include, but not limited to: leather and rubber clothing and footwear and related items. MC police uniform (breeches and boots). Most anxious to correspond with and possibly one of the policy of t

EAGER TO LEARN
HOUSTON area w/m, 32, 5'9", 150
lbs, willing to do anything for someone who will teach and train. Like
moustaches, trimmed beards, hairy
chests and legs. Box 366.
VIR.GINIA

NVA, SAG, 31, 5'9", 160 lbs., 8" cut, white, good body, seeks

8 cut, mount in theface or winter mucular shafes or winter mucules with mine for mutual enjoyment. 8ox A40.

NORFOLK/VA BEACH, GWM, 30, desires to meet master to explore experiment in faither, ropes, supension, rubber, mummification, shaving, prolonged bondage having, prolonged bondage having, prolonged bondage having, prolonged bondage having, prolonged bondage for the prolonged bondage for the prolonged bondage for the professional property with minimal property with military under 35. Most 100 professional prolonged bondage 45. Most 100 professional profe

WASHINGTON

respect limits

6'2'. 188 FMASSLIM: for some statistic committee of the state Collegiate, pro, submission, no-holds barred; I'll take ya on. Only serious, sweaty jocks need reply. Let's go a lever counds and get down! Box 81s. SEATILE AREA, FF top and/or bottom fooking for good times. SEATILE AREA, FI top and/or serious, serious prometical committee of the serious of the serious serious for the serious serious

TACOMA. Houseboy wanted, no experience necessary, will train. Prefer small or medium build; age unimportant. Box 982.

WEST VIRGINIA RPERS FERRY, 32, 6'

lbs., 10" cut. Looking for w/m, 18-35, muscular and hairless preferred, nice ass, who wants his tits worked over. Box 736. HOW DO YOU SPELL ACTION?

D-R-U-M-B-E-A-T-S

DRUMBEATS: MORE AD FOR LESS MONEY

DRUMMER 81

WISCONSIN

MILMAUNEE M E'OV" 145 lbe MILWAUREE, M. objects needs in-struction in B&D, WS, S&M, etc. from Master who will show me my respect them and teach me my role. No heavy drugs, fats, fems, scat. Photo greatly appreciated Box 837.

MILWAUKEE. W/M, 28, 6'1", 170
lbs., 10", seeking Master/Lover relationship with w/m 18-29 yrs. Must be
patient and understanding as I am
new to this scene. Will answer all
with frank letter. State your demands and send with photo to Box

MILWAUKEE: Two kinky guys, 50, 5'8", 8" master, and 27, 6'1", 8" slave, good builds, into FF, WS, fucking, sucking, piercing, S&M, seeking third person with stud horse to shove his big cock up our asses or other animal sex. Ed & Pat, P.O. Box 1366, Milwaukee, WI 53201,

or possibly in person. Sincerity, not experience, only requirement

WISCONSIN Out of state and for we can discuss and arrange to resolve those frustrations. Box 810. WYOMING

who wants to retire to country. Spend a week or a lifetime riding, fishing, camping and screw-ing. Will take care of all needs. Send photo and frank letter to Box A43.

CONTACT ELEGANT EXTRACTS

The nationwide club for men into giving and/or receiving enemas. Send name, age to: Elegant Extracts. Box 449-D, NYC, NY 10014.

A fraternity for men who dig bare feet, boots, shoes, socks, sneakers, leather, levis and other clothing, who interests. For information Foot Fraternity, Box 33 Francisco, CA 94119. formation write: Box 3385, San

NTERCHAIN FOR MEN OF LEA THER, Levis, S&M, Bodybuilding For information write: Box 410 132 West 24th Street, NYC, NY 10011, Answer Now!

CIGAR SMOKERS Hot, masculine man who smokes and gets turned on to cigars wants contacts with men of same interes P.O. Box 20604, Seattle, WA 98102

Facts, history, Arabian, WWII, China, American Indian, Present Time, Exchange papers, drawings, correspon-dence. P.O. Box 1528, Brooklyn, NY 11202.

S&M, B&D, WS, FETISHES Find one who shares your interest. Read SMADS. Send \$2 for sample copy. State over 21. Box 712, New York NY 10011. (100 Bank. 5A)

JUST MEN Our new 1981 catalog is now avail-Our new 1981 catalog is now available, offering you a place in the sun. Just Men's swimwear is designed for the male body that is always on the go. Send \$1.00 to Just Men, 275 West 39th Street, New York, NY 10018. Retail store en

GAY S/M SUPPORT ORG. forming in NYC. Contacts, socials, forums, more for men into dominasubmission Brian (212) 243-3332 after 6 p.m. REAR FRENCHMEN OF AMERICA The Nationwide/International organ Send name, age to: RFA, Box 537 New York, NY 10011.

IRANIAN-CUBANS B/B, 5'10", 28, 162 lbs., 7%", wants to fight, wrestle, spank, cockfight to dominance with 18-28 (only). Young arrogant dudes the best!
Mean stallion in leather/levis will
take challenges from young challengers who want to win, I'm the Station, Ft. Lauderdale FL 33308. Think you're top stallion? As my

FEET, SHOES, SOCKS
If you're into feet, socks, boots, sneeks, or any kind of foot-thing, \$1 and \$ASE gets you turn-on application to International Newsletter, Chuck, Suite 72, 304 Steiner, \$25 Francisco, CA 94117.

The Nationwide/International organization for men into feet, socks, boots, etc. Send name, age to: Footman, Box 741-D, New York, NY

Correspond with and meet guys w correspond with and meet guys who are super-endowed. Join my CLUB SEVEN/ELEVEN, America's largest correspondence club for the gay and bisexual male. Write for complete details. Sam Harrison, Box 1049-AP, Sun Valley, CA 91352.

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Find out what that hot guy you just met really wants. 10 page ques-tionnaire developed by experienced leatherman and psychologist explores an aspects of leathersex experience and desires. It could open new horizons for you! Only \$8.00 post-paid. D. Shackelford, 2918 N. Clark, Chicago, IL 60657.

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The California laws now read that anyone conducting a mail order busi ness, or offering items for sale through the mail and using a post office box or mail drop service, must must be included in all ad copy o readers: the address that appears at the end of a mail order ad is the address required by state law. Most firms will still prefer that correspon-dence be sent to the listed box

AUSTRALIA

OBEDIENT PISS BOY OBEDIENT PISS BOY
Australian Master has piss slave
available for discipline, training.
Slave (35, 6'3", 11 stone) visiting
USA 1981. Would make good toilet
to black or white Master requiring full body service, arse cleaning, etc.

MELBOURNE, M, 42, 6'3", 190 lbs., 7" cut, seeks topmen, 25-45, hung, macho, well built. Am willing to experiment, but my limits should be respected. Box 268.

The biggest collection of sure things two bits can buy!

CANADA

AL Oral slave, 48, wh 165 lbs., gives complete mouth and tongue service to macho under and tongue service to macho under 35. Also into worshipping, WS, face-sitting, feet, V.A., humilations, pun-ishments, exposure. Will be in S.F. & L.A. in October 80. Robert. Box

VANCOUVER B.C. Master, white male, 29 of age, 5'10", 165 lbs., 8%" cut, attractif French Canadien, looking for slave: White, under 30 looking for save: Write, under 30 of age, give me complete submission, follow set schedule daily, willing to relocate (Americain or Canadien), picture and details will follow yours. No fems or fats. Serious type only. Box A22: VANCOUVER Leather and boot

loving cowboy also into motorcycle uniforms seeks like-minded muscular for permanent relationship I'm 39, handsome, fun-loving, yet seri-ous. Will stand by my partner no matter what. Box A31. TORONTO, W/M, 28, 5'11", 140

lbs., 7" cut, slim, bearded, smooth, goodlooking, into Gr, Fr front and rear, beer piss, scat, raunchy jock straps, dildoes, spit, amyl, mile S&M, new to FF; prefer goodlook ing guys 26-36, must have at leas cock; no fats, drugs, Box 812.

ONTARIO, 26, 140 lbs., 5'8", 6%" cut, semi-muscular M looks for muscular, or well built masculine men under 40, well-hung, white or Black. Have read desire to serve, have my asshole used. Box 473.

S, 45, 5"11", 150 lbs, slender, blonde, hairy, 8" cut, stern disciplinarian, but considerate and respects limits. Seeks 18-40, slender, adventurous and willing to learn with the assistance of my personal slave. No fast, tems, scat. Applicants should be willing to expenditure the same of the sa and toys. Box 238.

Have pad. (604) 921-7721

DENMARK

SLAVE OFFERED

SLAVE OFFERED
Danish master seeks Master to look
after his slave visiting New York for
2 weeks in mid-November. The slave
is 6', slim, 42, bearded, well hung,
pictod and can take anything: Ff,
C/B, WS, etc. The master must have a strong personality and rich fantasy The few limits must be respected if the few limits must be respected list want him back in one piece. Reply with photo to: P. Westergaard, 12 Bakkerdraget, 3460 Birkerod, Denmark.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, Leather guy, 6'2" lbs., white, 7", very active, strictly top. Wants to meet groovy, muscular slaves who know how to serve a real master. Am into most scenes, 100% male and proud of it. Write on your knees, Send a photo and I will send mine. If you are a real can guarantee you the rea thing. Letters with photos answered first. Box 665B.

MIDDLESEX, 37, 5'10", 145 lbs, 7" cut, medium build, short hair, masculine, seeks same, over 30, imaginative, into leather/uniforms or levis, hung. Am into good S&M, bondage, fisting, whipping, dildoes. Box 383.

DRUMBEATS GET RESULTS!

OXFORD. Knowledgeable M, 37, 510", 160 lbs., into leather, rubber, danim. Has good tongue ready to please a master. Box 723.

LONDON AND YORKSHIRE, S, 5'9%", 50, 180 lbs., would like to meet visitors to Britain. Very experienced master. Box 557

LONDON, M, 40, 5'9", 150 lbs., 5%" uncut, into WS, leather, rubber, combat gear, seeks dominant to 45, strict, but respectful of limits, Box 630.

LONDON BEGINNER 32, 6'0'', 165 lbs., looking for W/m, 32, 6'0", 165 ing to try almost anything. Box 716. SM, 45, 5'11", 6" cut; imaginative, wide range of interests, willingness. Box 359.

FRANCE

PARIS, SM, Virgo, 38, 5'7", lbs., white bodybuilder, masc masculine biker, short hair, moustache, into leather, levis, and boots, Experienced with playroom, well-equipped with toys, mirrors, sling. Seeks partner SM no fat, to 50, or master into W/S, B&D, FF, whips, titwork, boots or working shoes, chains, providing some torture or pain. Must be masculine, into levis or leather, respectful of limits.Travel every year to the States (CA, NY). Will answer every States (CA, N'

WEST GERMANY COLOGNE, SM. 45, 61 uncut into either role experienced

and convincing, masculine. and convincing, masculine, slender and muscular, tends towards S role. Interested in meeting men into more than sex. Should be intelligent, masculine, wear leather naturally, Should be my age or younger, not fat, no fems, Travel to U.S. occasion-

German SM, 34, 6'2", uncut, ex-perienced, wants to meet men on both coasts into leather, levis, toys and games. No hangups about age share slaves with Masters, use and changing ideas, etc. Write with details and photo. Box 134.

NETHERLANDS

HOLLAND, hot hunk, 31, 6'3", 150 lbs, 10" uncut, with hard gym body into hot sex, face fucking, trolay, CB, WS, FF, toys, anything wild. Will visit USA over Xmas and look for a good time with hard like to take it. Levis, leather, groups No fems, fats, or skinnies. Box 889.

LUXEMBOURG

. 33 prefers beards life. Box 629,

SWEDEN

MALMO, S, 41, 6'1", 70 kg, 7½" areut, hard and demanding top seeks slaves who want to be completely controlled. No games, the real

MUST BE REALLY MALE can assume either role; passive. Into levis, leather, cowboys, no sex toys. Can travel. Willing to correspond with other Masters and laws. Box 228M. terested in a real man. Tends to be

STOCKHOLM BEGINNER huscular trainer, Am 23, 5'10 bland, 200 lbs., 6" uncut, Box 556,

FOREIGN MAIL When answering foreign ads with box numbers, remember to include ounce. Letters without constage will be returned.

LATE ARRIVALS

CA: Experienced San Francisco

CA: BALLS slapped, squeezed, give and receive. Correspond/meet. Box

W/S and B&D. Like to admire and under 40 years and 170 lbs. can

CA: SAN DIEGO: Want to meet people who love animals, especially who have large trained animals. Write

CA: BORN TO SERVE. Slave needs Master into serious sex-piercings catheters, c&b, etc. Am 48, look 35 man Oaks. Box 132M

CA: SAN FRANCISCO, muscular, big 148 lbs. well-endowed and uncut See Issue 35 DRUMMER, Tough Customers, Bay Area Daddy. Send photo and frank letter; will get prompt reply. Kent, P. O. Box 51 S.F. CA 94101

CA: LOS ANGELES: w/m, 31, seeks to bullwhips. Need m who needs it all. Box B37

CA: SAN FRANCISCO: w/m. 32. slim. be versatile, new to scene, willing to learn. Into dudes who take care their bodies, enjoy light S&M, B&D

BIG RIG TRUCKERS Young man wants to learn trucking

BEACH area. Goodlooking versatile

CA: SAN FRANCISCO: 29 5'8" 160 lbs., dominant and experienced bodybuilder 42" chest 29" waist

limits for obedient, slim, smooth

body that is Yours to use Sir Box muscular body and big nipples Toys welcome. Must have good

Send challenge with photo if possi

definition. Box A46

this punk to the limit in S&M, B&D

lbs, with large c/b's, digs receiving c/bT work, S&M, leather/levis, etc., CA: S.F. LEATHERMASTER, 38, 6'5 185 lbs 6-1/2" uncut black bair balls for life of obedience and ser-vitude, into B&D, TT, CBT, MD (mad

rubber, FF optional. No scat or WS

boots, and ?? Am 5'9", well-built I. If you are a man interested in the S&M scene and like leather, too, let's

autohypnosis and sex. Send photo. rise to the occasion? Box A52

CA: Arrogant, smelly, abusive Master (W, 32, 5'11", 186 lbs., beard) and his and correspondence with pigs. CA: SAN FRANCISCO Ton 33 tall

CA: BLACK MAN 40 5'7" 128 lbs shape: age race and endowment

bodybuilder types, uninhibited, ver

CA: EX-RANCH HAND loves horseneighboring states. Need stockade

CA: SAN FRANCISCO: Publishing

smooth, slim body, 125 lbs limitations as mine. I also need to be me to properly serve you. Box 280

40 sought by w/m, 42, 160 lbs. 6 looking for the real thing. Box 386 San Francisco, CA 94101.

DRUMMER 83

CA: SAN FRANCISCO, SM. 33, 581-155 lbs. 8° cut, goodlooking had edged Libran into Tog/tootloom trade-offser one way clashes with serious leathermen intent on not bondage and belt sessions; bodies in leather and toys in hand, we'll put fits, cocks and assess to their propert use. Skep and assess to their propert use. Skep the channel and the body and let's explore. Photo brings photo. Reply to Box ASG or to Cro Jay, 795 Buena Vista West No. 4, SF. CA 94117.

CA: EXCEPTIONAL INTELLIGENCE If you've got it. you've got me—of the many ways you'll be able think of with you and/or your fire Admire firm, rough control, worko but am no easy pushover. Exfmen welcome: LA: 25, 5111, 146

CA. A. AMPUTE WANTED Beneat Hardy-rided Trocker, 3 G-7 Instant. 150 its. son-pumper 3

CA:SAN FRANCISCO—Want to fuc the ass off a young (over 21), hunk submissive, dark-haired white bo tom who knows his place. Ser photos (no photo, no answer) to Bo 999.

CA SF LEATHER STUD—Big Master wants your tight ass and body for my sadistic pleas and body for my sadistic pleas the sadistic please the sadisti

CA: SAN DIEGO, Top, 40, 6'3", 19 lbs, into all scenes: tits, WS, FF. Have full equipment. Will trainovices Box A70

CA: SAN DIECONNEY. TWO THEIR, 3 and 39, seek contact with other meinto fucking, fisting, WS, jack-of jockstraps, leather, and funky wea Couples preferred. No fats, tems; non-smokers! Box 895.

CA: LOS ANGELES: I dig licking your big balls and swallowing your hot cum. Am 38, 57", 140 lbs., 7", neat bod. Will fulfill any fantasy. Box 975

ANSWERING AN AD? See instructions on the first page of

CA: LEATHERBOUND RELATION-SHIP sought by hot, hairy w/m, 28 578; 140 lbs, into wrestling, leather S&M, B&D. Man I need is strong Tor (as I am) leatherman also into above especially wrestling. The rougher and hairer you are, the better Live in possible. Send photo to WHRT

CA Sam Francisco SM 31 Leo W M. experienced, global college, global college, and college, and college, potential is and college, and college, and college, potential is and college, and college, and college, potential college, and college, and

CA:
TWO MUSCULAR TITMEN
into giving and receiving tilt training,
nipple enlargement, stretching,
piercing, FF, genitorture, and other
scenes considered. Private, isolated
training room available. Your letter
and photo get ours. Farmers, Box
262, Live Oak, CA 95953.

CA: HOT MUSCULAR DUDE, 37, wants to get it on with other well-built men who are into B&D, leather, asses, titwork, and rough action. Box A64

CT: MASTER, 27, hot and horny, seeks submissive guy(s) to service me and my slave. Box B39

LOOKING FOR A "QUIET FIRE" Apprentice w/m, 27, with a need tream, seeks masculine teacher, to share adventures in both passive and dominant fantasies. C'mon! Bo A91.

35, seeks foot action. Dig all footwear Photo a must. Will answer with same. Handicapped welcome. Box B22

Young, hot, muscular stud, 5'7", 140 lbs. seeks jocks for rasslin' Box B28.

bodybuilders—S, 6'1", 172 lbs, 35, 7 1/2", m, 6'1", 175 lbs, 32, 8"—bott well built Into S&M bondage, discip line, heavy titwork, hot masculing guys. Interested in one-on-one three-ways, or groups. Reply with photo if possible and phone. Box 36

DC: BONDAGE VICTIM. Smooth slender body to shave, piss of pierce, torture, abuse, humiliate i public, experiment in total contro Murrimification, suspension catheters, enemas, etc. Box B32.

FL: SARASOTA AREA, Gemini, 39, 6°, 170 lbs., 9°. I have a lean hard smooth-shaven body. Am into enemas, timming, active and passive French and Greek, Will play m to proper S who respects limits. Box B41.

FL: TAMPA AREA: 37, 57", 150 lbs. brown hair and beard, experienced, no role play, S&M, FF, WS. Objective: hot, kinky, wild sex: 30-50, body hair a plus, experience a must. No fats, tems. MEN only reply. Note with photo to Box B40.

FL: MIAMI/FT. LAUDERDALE, m, 510°, 165 lbs., 38, tattooed, seeks turther training in leather, boots, bondage from tall, slim S. Reply with photo gets mine. Box 4878, West Hollwood, FL 33023.

FL: RED-NECK FIGHTER—Muscular young gladiator slave into all types of fighting, wrestling, boxing, etc. Tough, well-built fighters send challenges/photos to: Bud "Maciste" Becher. c/o 5620 N.E. 6th Avenue No. B, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33334.

FL: SLAVES NEEDED. Bo 2266DCS, Daytona, FL 32015.

slave wanted by Scorpio, trim, athletic. Bondage, discipline, humiliation, padding, Novice or experienced. Must have time body, smooth ass, very little body hair, Must be intelligent, discrete, youthful over 21). No fats, terms, phones, Send detailed, honest letter, before and phone number to Box 881.

FL: MIAMI, Into body worship, 40.

511: 175 lbs, 7-1/2' uncut. Lie back and let me idolize your entire body with my hot mouth and tongue. Especially enjoy swallowing delicious hands and feet. Treat my tits right and I'll eat and drink almost anything. Box AB7 GA; G/W/M, Pisces, 26, 140 lbs., 68°

tall, 9" cut, brown/blue, hairy, muscular, moustache, goodlooking. Light S&M, FF, dildoes, enemas, active FA', GR, three-ways, versatile, Seeks likeminded giv/m 26-40. Write to Qamir, 1336 Piedmont Avenue, Atlanta, GA 30309.

HI: HONOLULU, SM, 45, 5'4", 121 lbs, strong Oriental bodybuilder and Master seeking trim, masculine white men for submission in paradise or correspondence. Box B23

IA: MASTER, 6; lean, white, seeks permanent slave for complete physical and mental training, naked bondage, and submission. Must be lean or muscular, hairless in body and ready for slavery in mind. Send photo, application, & phone to Box 979.

IL: W/M, 31, 5'11", seeks men into B&D and humiliation. Men in underwear especially and longjohns. JWH, 450 Briar Place No. 8K, Chicago, IL 60657.

IL: CHICAGO, w/m, 38, S, 6'3", 180 lbs, 8", seeks friends/slaves 30 or over, in good physical condition with level head. Box 894.

IL: CHICAGO MASTER wishes to contract slave for weekend fun. Reply to P. O. Box 2630, Chicago, IL 60690, stating terms and conditions. You will be contacted.

NOTICE Personal ads in Drumbeats may not include phone numbers. IL: NOVICE SLAVE TRAINING NO WAS A STAGET TO SAME TO S

IL: Tired of Chicago bars/baths? Leather/levi couple into FF, B&D, seek like-minded men for threeways, group action. Top. 33, 54°, 115 lbs. 7°. Bottom: 27, 6°, 140 lbs. 6°. Reply with photo gets ours. Box A92.

MA: SM, 37, 6'2", 180 lbs., seeks masculine friends who like manhandling cocks, balls. Box A88.

MA: HOT HUNG TOP wants raunchy J/O Leather Buddy or group action W/m, 30, 6'1", 170 lbs, into all scenes. Write if you're hot. P. O. Box 69, Back Bay Annex, Boston, MA 02117.

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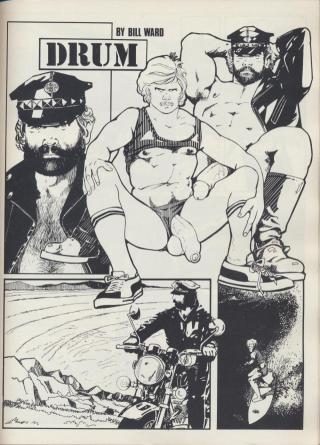
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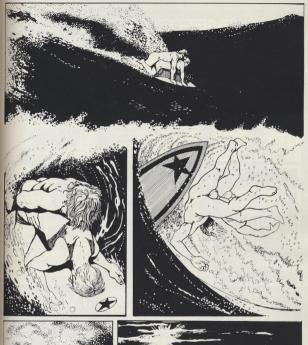
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DRUMMER'S BOOKS

MURDERS MOST FOUL

The Lords of Discipline (Houghton Mifflin, \$12.95) is a new novel by Pat Conroy, author of the commercially suc-cessful The Great Santini. It is a most powerful book on the subject of male sexuality in American society. Not satisfied with approaching that horrendously difficult subject, Conroy has taken on the themes of friendship, love. war and death.

The setting is a Southern military college; obviously the school is pat-terned on The Citadel. The time is the beginning of the Vietnam War era's fever beginning of the Vietnam war era's rever pitch. The characters are men locked into the mythology of The School, Honor, Country; all the things that manhood is supposed to be about. As those props are taken away from them they have to enter into a painfully frightening journey of discovery as they attempt to define manhood and masculinity in more real terms than the cliches that have failed them.

The writing is tight, terse and riveting. This is a book which is guaranteed to make you tense your muscles in anxiety as the heroes go through each stage of a

terrifying initiation.

What's more exciting is that this novel, without having a single reference to overt sexual activity, is going to be so homo-erotic to a *Drummer* reader that he'll end up getting more fantasy enjoyment here than in any \$8.00 fuck book. Initiation scenes, drill scenes, the role re-lationship between senior and plebe, you

will love it, Mister!
At the far end of the spectrum is
Gaywyck (Avon, \$2.95). I hope this flight of fantasy is a spoof on the Gothic novels that American housewives are gobbling up by the millions. The cast of characters here is all gay, all male, The action is in early modern New York, around the turn of the century. A poor, lost waif is sort of "adopted" as a secretary by an impossibly handsome, impossibly rich bachelor with whom he impossibly falls in love. And his love is impossibly reciprocated.

said I "hope" this was a spoof. The problem is that the novel is so very true to the form that you can't really tell if the author is pulling your leg or not. The humor, if it's supposed to be humorous, is just too hard to find sometimes. If you like the Gothic genre, you should give this a chance. But otherwise it's not going to be the most stimulating read-

ing of your life.

In the same category but updated by decades is *Tory's* by William Snyder (Avon \$2.75). This is such a silly book that here you hope the author knew how trite the whole thing seems to be. You don't have to waste money to find out about the loves and life of Philadelphia's most outrageous and most chic disco

owner. If you ever bother to read this stuff, you've already heard this story take place in New York and/or Fire Island so many times you'll want to vomit. Save the money and .

Buy Vermillion by Nathan Aldyne (Avon \$2.25). It's a wonderful detective novel set in Boston. The setting is accompanied by richly accurate portrayals of the Hub. The author's political sensitivities as he draws the characters are remarkably sophisticated. The murder plot isn't going to win raves from true afici-anados of the genre, but who cares. This is a great story, well told, with a horde of fascinating characters and a truly sleezy Boston cop who's sure to fit every stereotype you ever wanted to be really true.

Don't just read Vermillion for the entertainment, it really is a wise book, also. The perceptions of the relationships between different types of gay people and between gay men and straight women are telling. The messages about survival and community are profound. This is no little, silly murder mystery where the aging drag queen has to die on the last page. It's a novel that looks at some of the elements of gay society that we don't pay enough attention to and sees them in heroic light that needs to be acknowl-

edged. There are three books in this month's column by Avon, the paperback house that's rapidly gaining a reputation for publishing a large number of original works, Editorial Director Robert Wyatt claims that the house doesn't actively solicit gay books in particular, and that it doesn't market them with any special care, but the fact remains that Avon continues to produce a lot of gay books. At a certain point it doesn't matter that these include gothics and disco books and detective novels, it does mat-

ter that gay books are being published. Another piece of news is that St. Martin's Press, which has been one of the main publishers of gay books in hard cover, has just signed up a set of new titles. The rumor mill has been racing lately that St. Martin's in particular and New York publishing in general were beating a retreat from our areas of interest, Actions speak louder than words; it becomes more and more apparent that no one's abandoning the gay market, though it may be true that publishers' standards are shifting. They are apparently demanding books that are either of higher calibre than those published earlier, or books that are more likely to be commercially successful. The era when New York publishers were anxious to test whether or not they had a Midas touch and could sell any gay-themed

book is over. It's not the worst thing that ever happened.

- John Preston









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DRUMMER views the Flicks



.............

What happens when a former rock star (Angel, left) and a punk star (Johnny Loser, right) spend a night together in modern day Berlin?

DER TOD UND DER MANN

While Peter Fratzacher is no Warner Herzog or not even a Fassbinder, he is quickly a German filmmaker to be reckoned with, perhaps one that will have a pronounced effect on the yet-tocome wave of new German filmmakers. His first effort, Asphalt Night, has

gamered enough attention to get the full distributed in American theatres. Some of that is predicatable; this is, after all, a film that alleges to be about rock and roll — a mainstay of summer drivenis and the addring of the new American film and the addring of the new American film cinema ancestor's approach to making movies seeps through to lift Asphalt Nights far above American Gerffiti and American Into Was. Maybe shoulder-toshoulder with The Budsh Holly Story. Asphalt Night has been described as a look at the generation gap between new musicians. The film itself is also a possible generation gap between the 'waves' of usually tedious interiors of a Faschinder or a Saless are replaced with the plasticity of contemporary German nightlife. The 'man-trappedian-loocity' syndrome, so popular with Herzog and Vinder, has been steen with all around him.

But don't expect Asphalt Night to be any kind of genre breakthrough, because it isn't, ultimately, an important film. But what it is, is interesting, and slightly unusual, not completely without meaning or relevence.

Angel (Gerd Heinemann) is a leftover from the famous Summer of '68 school of peace-love-beads-flowers, who has coasted through the 1970's on the remakes of his one big hit song and the money his sister's encounter parlour brings in, and renting out his sound studio to disco-makers. For a decade, when the film begins, he has been making a comeback. The single longest comeback in music history. By the time we join him, he still lisn't back.

The co-character for the film, Johnny Loser (Thomas Davis), is an expunk who has abandoned that genre of music for the same reason he abandoned all other forms: the inability of the medium to maintain the message. Anything that can't last forever can't be valid. There is this bond between them, unstated, in that Johnny at one time in his past admired the quality of Angel's vision, And Angel.

very much in the immediate, needs to be believed, if only for his past,

Asphalt Night quickly becomes a film about male pair-bonding and never again becomes a film about rock and roll. Johnny makes the trip to Angel's recording studio from somewhere, gets in Angel's car when it starts to rain, play's Angel's tape deck, drinks Angel's beer, smokes Angel's cigarettes - and waits for

the former rock star to discover him. Heinemann's Angel is as laid back as you can get. When he asks Johnny where he's going, and Johnny mutters something about the train/bus station, Angel takes him there. The reasoning might be to get rid of him effectively, leave him wanting for nothing. But as a device, it allows us to discover everything we want to know about the duo: how they feel about music, what they want from life where (if anywhere) they are headed career-wise. What we don't know, and what becomes the most interesting element of the film, is what they want from each other.

When Angel drops Johnny off, the latter is almost arrested. In fact, Angel and his very fast car provide the rescue. Angel offers to take him somewhere else, home; Angel's home; Johnny asks if he's gay. Angel doesn't reply - but brings up the fact that the suspicion by the police at the bus station that Johnny Loser might be a hustler caused the hot pursuit, Johnny doesn't have an answer, significant in that this remains the only area of the two-character development

for which no answer develops, But it really doesn't matter if Angel is gay or if Johnny is gay, or if neither one

is gay, because this is a film about rock and roll, Right?

The adventures of the night let the filmmaker tell the audience exactly how he feels about the space between generations that are, in real time, not very far apart. An instant disposal of culture and cultural values rears its head as the social culprit here. Johnny is even allowed a profound-like scene in which he denounces fake-punk, counterfeit-nostalgia, phoney new wave before his life is threatened by very real black-leather clad greasers.

But this is strictly director Fratzacher's film, despite the often excellent dialogue and the very convincing per-formances of Heinmann and Davis, He manipulates every nuance of the plot and development until the viewer cares less about the characters than what might be the message. And that becomes the film's one great disappoint-

There are a lot of small, significant messages throughout Asphalt Night. But in the final analysis, the message we are left with is diffused and anti-climactic. In the last minutes of the film, after we have suffered hearing the music opus that will bring Angel back into the linelight because by all intelligent reasoning, it couldn't possibly), the narrative line takes one more twist toward an almost gut-wrenching conclusion; the director plays this ace card and destroys the final facade between film and audience.

We don't know if we are to be amused because Fratzacher still has a sense of humor, or if we are to suddenly not take the film or its messages seriously because the ending is so surreal, or if there is yet another conclusion (available to the audience), about what it is the director ultimately means,

But there is this, a sweeping ability to surprise in solid clinematic methodology; extraordinarily tight and controlled direction, and two captivating performances, and a fresh if unresolved look at the attraction between men. - John W. Rowberry

HELL WITHOUT LIMITS

Mexico, one of the world's great guilt-ridden Catholic societies, has pro-duced its very first homosexual film. E/ Lugar Sin Limites (Hell Without Limits or A Limitless Place). While to the American film audience this will appear, superficially, a film about stereotypes, it goes much deeper into the conflict between entrenched machismo culture and sexual prejudice than many other similar films have bothered. And somehow, it is logical that such a culture would use the stereotypes of oppressed homosexuals as a starting point. The main character, La Manuela, is a

drag queen, owns a whorehouse, and is vying with his daughter for the attention of a local tough, Pancho. What director Arturo Ripstein does with this character and the environment of sexual prejudice he explores, while predictable, are both exciting in the film medium and rewarding in a political perspective.

La Manuela and his daughter live in

the whorehouse they own on the outskirts of a dying town somewhere in the vast expanse of Mexico. The daughter is the product of a bet between a very the product or a pet between a very young La Manuela and the original madame of the brothel, a woman known as La Japonesa. The local political don had bet that La Japonesa couldn't seduce her homosexual 'dancer' (all men can get it up for the right woman, right?) and promises her anything she wants if she succeeds. She wants the title to the brothel, which he holds. She seduces La Manuela, perhaps with his very conscious conspiratorial cooperation, and gets pregnant, At some point she passes on. The film is never very clear about what hapnened to her

La Manuela and his daughter maintain the house and its few whores. A local stud, Pancho, once a regular visitor. was at some point attracted by the nowaging La Manuela. It is the attraction of a closet-homosexual trapped in a megamacho environment. In an episode we only hear about, he attacks La Manuela and rips off the drag queen's gown. He vows that someday he will "get revenge" on the homosexual. The audience is left to wonder if the revenge is for deception or his own sexual frustration.

The daughter and La Manuela are at-tracted to, yet fearful of Pancho. When word has it that he has come back to town, they lock up the whorehouse and prepare to wait out the night sealed be-hind the walls of their physical and spiritual fortress. La Manuela suddenly takes a great interest in repairing his lavish, but torn gown.

Because the story can't go anywhere

without a confrontation, when Pancho knocks at the door of the whorehouse. goaded on by his brother-in-law, the daughter lets him in. La Manuela goes to hide in the chicken coop. The attraction to the tough by the daughter is, at this point, obvious. While she entreats him not to cause a scene, she suffers his physical hostility and verbal abuse. He demands that she strip in the saloon of the brothel - declaring that he will screw her on the spot, in front of all the other whores,

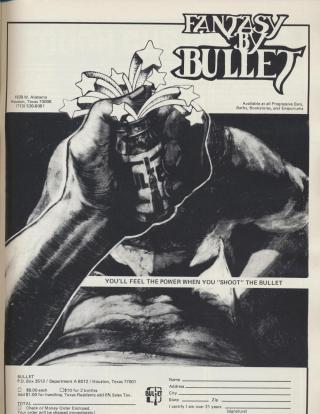
Le Manuela has been watching all this, and comes through the door dressed in the now-repaired red gown. He is a parody of the flamingo dancer and the youthful drag queen. He is fortyish, unattractive, undesirable by contemporary gay standards. He taunts Pancho, who demands that the drag queen dance for him. The dance, itself a parody of Sleep-ing Beauty, has Pancho as the mesmerized prince. It brings the crisis to a head. The homosexual attraction Pancho feels for La Manuela grows until they are dancing together, until Pancho voices his philosophy that "a man should try every-thing in his life," until they kiss passionately.

The brother-in-law, until then oblivi-ous to the direction of Pancho's interest. suddenly confronts him, chastising his un natural behavior. Pancho turns on La Manuela and clears himself by denouncing the homosexual for having kissed him. La Manuela flees the brothel. The two men pursue him, finally catch him, and murder him. This last episode has been witnessed by the don, who yows to his servant that Pancho will go to prison for his actions, and suffer there as much as La Manuela has been made to suffer,

What raises El Lugar Sin Limites above stereotypical melodrama is the power of the character of La Manuela, During the first half of the film he is presented as a typical lower class homosexual, at least in the eyes of non-gay society; he dresses in drag, he owns a whorehouse, he is flighty, frivilous, effeminate. He reenforces every cliche. But in the confrontation with Pancho at the film's conclusion, he emerges as the only character with a sense of morality. He is far more honest about himself than either his daughter, Pancho, the town don, or any of the other characters in the film. He is the only character who makes decisions based on his moral obligations and the perceptions of those obligations. To the non-gay Mexican audiences, he will emerge a heroic figure because he obviously gives his life to save his daughter. Those kinds of qualities, paternal responsibility and self-sacrificing morality are qualities long denied gays in a great deal of the world cinema.

The question of repressed homo-sexuality, along with the sexual preju-dice of the culture is one seldom raised in mainstream cinema. The film leaves the viewer with the undeniable impression that Pancho's salvation lies in his ability to examine his own sexuality in a non-threatening environment. Astutely, the director has denied La Manuela the usual drag queen humor, yet maintained a tremendous homosexual passion.

- John W. Rowberry



strokes, the razor cleaned Buck's head in small rows. Only twice did the razor even scrape his tender scalp, never cut it. When it came to Buck's temples, I stopped shaving even with his ear, leaving his full trim beard bristling below his smooth head. I wiped the remaining reream and hair from his head with the wet towel and threw it, with the razor wrapped inside, outside the rine.

Buck looked up, presenting himself to his Master. I looked down on his freshly shorn head. His new baldness made his heavy evebrows and his dark blond beard more prominent, and made him look even more rugged, more severe than he had in the leather wrestler's mask. He looked like the slave I.

wanted to be proud of. With that in mind, I began to mold

As Back looked up at me, I showed him over onto his side, anding squarely on his sore left shoulder. He gimzacd when he collided with the mat, but he made no sound of pain. As he lay there, I put the sole of non-my bord on his presed down. "Starring now, every time you see fire, you are to immediately show-your respect by kneeling and licking contribution of the property of the p

Buck looked at her. The hesiappre, the pain was goor from his eyes; he seemed somehow fagor to serve and not phese. "Yes, Sir," he said as he moved his mouth for my boot. His trooper darted out and hicked the 'thou pair my boot, moving around the control of the pair of

Through Bucks, minuse came actear "Thank you, Stri" leaded my host off his balls and goods and commended him on learning so quickly. "Now get, back on this cock, your Master's cock, boy," Buck rose to his knees and obediently began lapping at my balls and cock, finally sucking my stiff dick deep into his mouth, pulling I tin his hirotat. He finheded for a second when I touched his freship shawed head; bughte didn't allow it to interrupt his susking my cock. I do with the summer of the su

I told him to lie down on his back as I pulled out of his mouth and undid his handleaffs, locking them again in front of him. As he lay down, I tolok the shackles down from the ring brace and secretor one toleach of his hankles, I hodded the two chains together and slipped them been supported by the handles of the him of his handles, I had been the him for a minute, looking down at his hard body chained and cuffed, the muscles under his harly chest (lexing and ripping, his thick thighs spread and offering that harly ashfole to his conquerer, his Master My cock shot straightfood from harly cocking, lording in an official part hardy should from harly cocking, lording in anticipation of my fighting days?

I knelt down and rested nily stiff cock on Buck's spread sas, grabbing his cock in my firsts a trubbed my titled along his spread crack. He moand as I tightened my grip airiq high control his hard dick and sore balls but I held on, maksapind, one of his hard dick and sore balls but I held on, maksapind, one of was what I had fought so fickin hard for — not just to get to know this fantastic ass on this powerful man at my disposal to be used at my withm. I had fought for his complete physical, emotional, and psychological submission — and I had wor the more than the four have Buck appreciate submission.

I spit into my hand and rubbed the saliéa around and info the ashole Buck lifed to me. Another glob of spit and two of my fingers probed their way into the warm moist hole of my slave. Buck kept his eyes on me, never flinching, as I worked a third finger into his ashole and massaged the muscles that strained against me. I wormed my fingers out of Buck's hole and slapped him sharply on his taut ass. Squeezing his cock and balls harder, I said, "That asshole is mine now, boy, and when I want in, I get in!" Quickly I shoved all three fingers back into Buck's hole. The muscles twitched at first but then relaxed to accommodate my probing fingers. As Buck relaxed I rose to my knees and postioned the head of my cock at the opening where my linear switchers. I guideline to consider the problem of the

buried my prick in his slave's hole. As I thrust the last couple of inches of my-cock into him, Buck gasped and folled his forgue out onto his chim. The gasp soon turned to a faint smile as I lowered my full weight onto his spread ass, pushing my cock its full length into his hole. Suddenly, the muscles in Buck's chest and ass all relaxed — Buck had finally yielded everything to his Master. He was now literally mine.

I pumped Buck's ass for what seemed like hours, drawing slowly out of this tight hairy but and theh easing back in until he had swallowed the full 7 inches of fuckmeat I put to him. Buck relaxed to the point of being able to rock slightly under my weight, thrusting his ass up to meet my groin every time I stammed into him. My balls bounced of his gaut ass everytime I pounded my groin against his cheeks. I be rever had a botter

huck, probably never will.

As I flucked buck for the first time as my slave, a lot of respect and caring flooded me - suddehly, for the first time, becamed that to require the source of the state of

be proud to light simpafed on my cock.

So I fucked hims shard as I/d fought with him. Again and again I rearied up and slammed my cock into his tight, clutching asknole. When I began to come, I rared back from him, pushing my cockideep into his gut, and yelled as the steamy milky cam sprayed out of my throbbing dick and into his my hips. I heard Buck groaning below me and looked down to see him shooting spurt after milky spurt of com out of his own cock and all over his chest and face. As his cum splatted mar his mouth, his Jongue darted out to scoop the creamy

jism from his lips and beard.

I stroud have punished Buck for coming without his Master's permission, but I din't have the strength at the moment.— there would be those lessons later. Instead, I unlocked the strakelis from Buck's ankles and gave him permission to lower his legs around me. My cock slipped slowly out of Buck's ashhole and rested on top of his own spent cock. I looked down at him and smiled for the first time in the 48 hours we'd been together.

"Welcome home, slaveboy." Warmth, not sarcasm, marked my second welcome of the night. Buck's eyes watered. He raised his head for a moment to look at me, then lowered it

and said, quietly, sincerely, "Thank you, Sir."

[Uncuffed Buck's wrists and lay down on him. Our sweaty, hairy biodies that had been ground together in muscle-wrenching struggle now rested comfortably together. As Buck wrapped his powerful arms around me, he settled under me and smiled. We slept again that night secure in the strong, sweaty And, life L said, I've kept him around. Things were rocky

at first; his obedience would slip some times, he'd forget a lesson. But after repeated lass-kicking – and every time we fight now, the stakes are his freedom – if he wants it – ha has turned into a valuable possession. I'm proud of him proud of his tough stud's body, proud of his submission to me, proud of him as a fighter.

Oh, by the way, I'm more than willing to pit my slave Buck against any other slave — or any professed Master, for that matter — any time, anywhere. Just name the stakes!

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Tough Shit

STUDENT STRIPPED, LEFT OUT IN COLD

A hazing incident in which a freshman hockey player was left outside, naked and drunk, in nearfreezing weather "like a piece of cold meat" is under investigation at the University of Michigan.

UM Athletic Director Don Canham said yesterday he met with the team Monday and determined that five freshman players, including ing the youth who complained to dormitory officials, were hazed Sunday night at an Ann Arbor residence. Canham said the youth ap-

parently was the only one of the five to be left outside the house naked — probably because the hazers thought he would be sick after being forced to drink large quantities of gin, vodka and beer. The youth, who asked not to be identified and declined to make a

identified and declined to make a police report, told his dormitory adviser he was dumped naked in front of his dormitory in nearfreezing weather and was left there for more than an hour.

"He felt like a piece of cold meat," said Steve Krrahnke, 21, a resident adviser at Mary Markley Hall. "We weren't able to get his temperature up until 2 a.m.," – about 2½ hours after he was brought inside.

"He and the others were forced to drink a fifth of gin and then indulge in a beer-drinking contest at which the spectators made bets on the outcome," Krahnke said.

After the party, Krahnke said, the youth was forced into the trunk of a car and driven around before being let out at his dormitory, where he was found more than an hour later by some other students.



EVEN MR. BENSON GETS THE BLUES

Phil Andros, definitely a legend in his own lifetime, gives John Preston, author of Mr. Benson, a tattoo when the two authors meet in San Francisco. The tattoo? A quill-pen dipping into a lavendar triangle. Photo by Wolfgang.

LOCKER ROOM RAPE

A 19-year-old male SF State student was sexually assaulted by another man in a gym restroom

according to campus police.

The victim, however, was not injured and decided not to press charges, said Sgt. Nick Bennett of the Department of Public Safety.

According to Bennett, the student went to the restroom during a break from his evening dance class. As he was leaving, the door was blocked by a male about 5-feet 9inches tall and weighing 150 pounds.

The suspect grabbed the victim, rubbed his crotch against the student's buttocks and said, "If I could be alone with you for 10 minutes," said Bennett.

Bennett said the student became frightened and ran away. The suspect did not follow.

"The student didn't want to press charges, he just wanted us to know what happened," said Bennett. "We are going to find out the schedules of late-night classes in the gym and put plainclothes officers in the area."

Bennett said he was not aware of any recent attacks in the gym but thought that "if the suspect did it once, he may have done it before."

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THE LEATHER NOTEBOOK By Letry Tormsand

Dear Mr. Townsend -I am a pre-operative transsexual. That is, I've had the shots to make my breasts I've nad the shots to make my oreusis grow, but there hasn't been any surgery yet, and everything is still there. Recently, as a result of the counseling sessions I have been attending, I have met some other guys who are into S&M and leather. (Not in my counseling group, but people who are in the Center for other reasons.) I've had a couple of experiences - not very extensive by your standards, I guess, but very meaningful for me. Now I really don't know what to do. All my life I have thought I was the classic case of "a woman trapped in a man's body," but this little taste of what I've had has made me wonder if I maybe haven't been wrong. The biggest problem I have is that I am not very masculine. or "butch" in either my appearance or mannerisms. I have just finished your Leatherman's Handbook, and I know you stress the importance of this, I'm really in a dilemma. Can you suggest anything? At the sexual crossroads

Dear Crossroads You have more than one problem; there is no denying that! But at least all the necessary parts are still there. The real problem is in the head, not in the body. If you want to try the leather life style, why not? You don't state your age, but I imagine you have enough years in front of you to try many different things until you find the right one. A masculine effect stems more from the inner attitude than from any physical attributes, anyway. Discuss it with one of the counselors at the center. I don't know what you can do about your breasts, but the doctor who gave you the shots can certainly advise you on this. One thing for sure, don't let 'em cut it off until you're sure you aren't going to want to use it

A note to the gentleman who wanted advice on plans for building his own blackroom equipment. I have received letters from two different outflist, offering this type of material. I have not seen the products which either produces, so I can only refer you to them for further investigation.

Opportunity Publications, 8033 Sunset Blvd., Suite 374, West Hollywood, CA 90046. Ripper Productions, 687 Eighth Ave., New York, NY 10036.

Dear Larry —
There have been several "color codes"
published to define the meaning of hankies in the back pocket, but none of these
seem to agree 100%. Can you give us a
definitive list?

Confused in Cincinnati

Dear Confused:
So am I. There has been an attempt by several sources (including Drummer) to standardize these "codes," but no one sive on the market; thus the discrepancies continue to exist. However, most of the more exotic colors are seldom if ever used. Remembering that the right is bottom, the left is top, the following seem this seem that the left is top, the following seem this important (and most standard!)

Black — S&M (used to mean only heavy S&M) Dark Blue — Fucker—fuckee (used to

mean light S&M)
Red — Fist fucker-fuckee
Yellow — Pisser—pissee
Brown — SCAT
Orange — "Anything, anytime"
Gray (less common) — Bondage only
Light Blue — Sucker-suckee

White - Tourist, no exotic sex Even these are going to be subject to dispute, but that's the way I read them. Any others are so much on the fringe as to be hardly worth mentioning.

0. .

Doer Larry —

Seen Larry —

Se

Dear Afflicted -No, I am not a doctor, but I have read most of the same things you have. My medical adviser says it isn't so, al though he concedes that there could he a temporary alleviation of symptoms. Since FF is not a practice with which many doctors are familiar, outside the areas of heavy gay population, there does not appear to be much interest in investigating the possibilities. If some research has been done, I would be interested in knowing about it and would be happy to pass along the information. (A few years back, I was asked to supply a print of Erotic Hands to be shown to medical convention, because most of the doctors denied that FF was even possible, much less a fairly common practice.)

Dear Larry —
I wear a cockring most of the time (a leather ring with enough snaps to make it

tighter or looser, depending on the circumstances). I always take it off when I go to bed at night, unless I'm in bed with a trick. I've been told that this can damage my genitals. Is that true?

Again, I must protest that I am not a doctor. However, there was an article on cockrings in the Journal of the American Medical Association (JAMA), November 1978. In this JAMA article, a public health doctor in Boston discussed the dangers of "Annular Constriction of the Penis - The Tourniquet Syndrome." In essence, he is saying that a "penile ring" can restrict the circulation of blood, and in severe cases cause gangrene (much like a tourniquet that is left on for too long a time). He concludes by saying: "Since these patients use the penile rings only to enhance their sexual activity, I have not yet seen the gangrene resulting from continuous prolonged use; nor have I seen the fibrous plaques in the corpora cavernosa as in Peyronie's disease. other words, he seems to be saying that occasional use has not produced any damage that he has observed, but he cautions other doctors to be on the lookout for the problem. From this, I would gather that a normal healthy person should not wear a tight cockring except during sex, and then with a reasonable degree of caution. I have worn cockrings for years, and have known many other people who do, and I have never personally heard of any problems. Again, are there any horror tales that I should pass along?



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- H. Jack Griswold, et al., An Eve for an Eve

GAYCON PRESS NEWSLETTER

Gaycon Press Newsletter contains prices news, instance poetry and art work, gay news of interest to prisoners and resource information concerning gays in space information concerning gays in prisoners and 56 for one year for non-prisoners. For more information write to: Renald Endersby, Editor, Gaycon Press Ser Francisco, CA 94103. New Editor, was present to the prisoners to be sent to prisoners to the sent to prisoners in the newsletter. We also need the control of the prisoners in the prisone

PRISONERS

Young man, gay, 25 years old, 5'10" tall and 150 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes wishes to correspond with mature gay men 35-50. Interests include: travel, cassical music, literature and food. Victor McDonough 78C219, Box 149, Artica, NY 14011.

Serving a life sentence and would like to hear from other gays. Jerry Helm 19446, POB 911, Sioux Falls, SD 57101.

Prisoner wishes letter, I am a lonely black immate and desire to have some friends to correspond with. I am 6'2'? 175 lbs. and very well hung with 11½ inches. I like mild SM, water sports, BD, french, straight, greek and roman sex. I am 26 years old and hope to get out next year. Leonard Gobb No. 151-365, POB 45699, Lusaville, OH 45699.

Gay prisoner, 28, 5'10", 165 lbs., blue tyes and brown hair seeking correspondents. Replies promised to all who take the time and trouble to write. Roger Stafford, No. 103767, POB 97, Mc Alester, OK 74501.

Gay inmate wishes to correspond with my gay brothers. Before getting busted worked as model and porno actor. Wayne Howard, POB 1108, Denver, CO 80201,

Gay prisoner, 24 years old, needs letters from gays. I am 5'11", 140 lbs., white and gay. Serving a four year sentence and have one year to go. Chris Thorp, POB 1108, Denver, CO 80201.

Sensitive, caring, sincere, mature, incarcerated male seeking meaningful correspondence. Richard Hartson No. 147-294, POB 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699.

George Perkins, B-49536 Rm. 1345, POB A, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409 — would like to correspond with other gay men.

Gay male would like to hear from concerned gay brothers. Douglas Wright B-98530, POB A (Administrative Segation), San Luis Obispo, GA 93409. I am in segregation because of my gayness and really need letters from the outside world

I am 23, 5'10 inches and weigh 150 lbs. Would like to receive mail from other gays. Steven Hatch No. 107214, POB 97, McAlester, OK 74501.

Black inmate, 28 yrs. old, 5'9½", smooth tan complexion and gorgeous black ass. Have a 9½" cock and love using it. I am both active and passive. I.L. Tribmle, 146-742, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH

I am 30 years old, 5'8", 140 lbs, and have a 28" waist. Have brown hair and brown eyes. Would like to hear from anyone interested in writing to someone on edeath row. Larry White No. 640, Rt. 3 Ellis Unit J-23, Huntsville, TX 77340.

Gay inmate — 36, 5'6", 150 lbs. — born and raised in Texas hopes to hear from someone interested in dropping me a line. Jack Smith No. 615, Ellis Unit, J-23, Huntsville, TX 77340.

My name is Jewel Larsen and I would like to write to free gays. I am a TS and like everyone — white, black, chicano or whatever. I am 6'1", sandy brown hair and hazel eyes, Jewel Larsen, 149356, 777 W. Riverside Drive, Ionia, MI 48846.

7/7 W. Riverside Drive, Ionia, MI 48846.
Looking for someone to write to: I am 20 and hot and wild. B. Elkins, No. 101604, POB 97, McAlester, OK 74501.

NORML (National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws) had the following ad refused for publication by the publication by Americans Were Arrested For Smoking An Herb That Queen Victoria Used Regularly for Menstural Cramps,"

A warm, gentle tiger with a sense of humor and a broad range of interest would like to hear from other men willing to write and share lasting friendship, James Moodie, No. 140-487, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699.

Donald E. Barks, No. 145-541, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699. I am 23,

Black, muscular, 5'10", 168 lbs. I am looking for an understanding correspondence that could turn into a relationship.

Lonely White gay in confinement seeks correspondence from real people. I am ex-army, am artist, intelligent and discreet. I have blonde hair, blue eyes, 175 lbs. and am 6'2" tall. I really do want and need friends, and will answer all letters. Daniel Brandt, Box 45699, Lucasville, 0.H 45699

Muscular, well-hung white male seeks meaningful and lasting relationship with gay or bisexual men. In prison and lonely. Due to be released soon. Am 5'10'', 180 lbs, brown hair and blue eyes. If interested, please write to: Robert Coffey, No. 151-638, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699.





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INITIATION! DRUMMER KEY CLUB/L.E. NEWS



As the Drummer Club in San Francisco was almost ready to open its doors to all the Leather Fraternity members, the pre-opening invitation party, *Initia*tion, was held to inaugurate the new facility.

The Drummer Club is going to be the most unique in the city, with a full-sized swimming pool in addition to the two-section main bar, locker rooms, showers and the rest. For special events like Initiation, a stage was built in the main room, complete with hanging posts, but the control of t

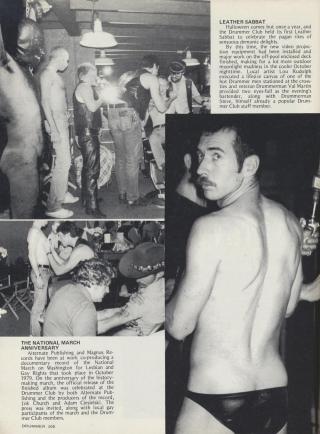
Besides the whip demonstrations, there exceptible exhibitions of complete body shavings, tattooing and piercing. While some members had arranged to have their bodies worked on that night, the request for volunteers was met with a stampede of hot men ready to submit to the three masters' manipulations.

Masters brought their slaves, masters came looking for slaves, slaves came looking for masters . . and the literary Master, John Preston, author of Mr. Benson made a surprise appearance (no

mean feat from 3000 miles away!).

The pool, which is heated despite the legendary San Francisco balmy weather, saw quite a few water-treaders throughout the night.

While the turnout was very high for Initiation, it was only the first of a number of pre-opening events to take place before the official Club opening.





iculo, but the kind of place that the fun-seeking sensualized in you has been searching for. There are a lot of thing so could join — Disco. Encounter Clubs, Glory-Hole Club — the DROMMER KEY CLUB is none of these that staken the concept of a place where OUR people can enjoy themselves: well-fun, friendly, exciting an inexpensive and come up with a concept of you can't resist.

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Ours is a different concept. We are expagding it Leather Fraternity, including all its privileges and benefit and adding a great new Club to use. Our first will be San Francisco, where we are. Cost stays the same — \$6 which is less than most Disco membership What do you set for your sixty bucks

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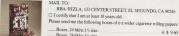
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